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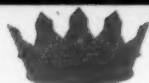
CORONET

"INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM"



NOVEMBER, 1936

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS



CORONET
for
NOVEMBER
1936

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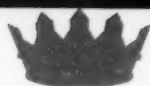


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ARNOLD GINGRICH
EDITOR

Manuscripts, photographs and drawings should be addressed to Arnold Gingrich, Editor, c/o CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.



LIFE CAN BE BOUGHT

ISN'T IT WORTH TEN DOLLARS TO
KEEP ANY AMERICAN BOY ALIVE?



In our wealthy country you can buy life, yes, if you've got plenty of money; and if, on the other hand, you've sunk into the rearguard of those millions who've no longer any shame about swearing the pauper's oath, then if you're properly respectful you can get a dole of life, but God pity you if you're independent and belong to the middleclass millions in between. In the last few years I have seen many specific examples of how life can be bought; but what finally drove the infamy, the insult to humanity of this dollar-traffic in life home to me, was the way Anthony Scharf and his wife came so near being able to buy life for their four-year-old boy, Anthony, Jr.

There should have been no ifs or buts about Anthony and Elsbeth Scharf buying the best chance of life for their child, frightfully endangered as he was, because, forgetting the merely human end of it, you can prove that an immediate fight to save his life would have been good business for the city of Chicago, and for America. You see, one of the most distinguished authorities on the dollar-value of human life is Doctor Louis I. Dublin, who has figured it out that the capital value of a boy baby's life is \$9000, while that of a baby girl is \$4000.

There must, therefore, be something rotten in America, since the experience of the Scharf parents proves that the chance to guard the imperilled \$9000 life of their Anthony, was lost by an argument about \$18.75.

Indeed, if we may trust the testimony of that little boy's grandma, the very best chance to guard the life of this threatened boy was wrecked by a penny-pinching niggling over less than that. Because, at the moment the fight to save him should have been started, there was \$10 on hand! This, then, is what all of us should ponder: that our order, based not on the value of life but upon the value of capital, is now so enfeebled, so far gone in murderous stinginess, that a matter of \$8.75 prevented the bringing of very beautiful, powerful science to the *immediate* rescue of the lad supposed to be worth \$9000 to America.

Of course you will say that this is too ghastly, too fantastic; and I can only reply with this case in Chicago, last June and July, which shows how things are rigged, not to give life to all, but to bring death to many.

The Scharf family's nickname for little Anthony was "Brother", and Brother was a husky boy, living with his parents, his younger brother and

baby sister, and his grandma, Mrs. Margaret Bircher, in a small house among a row of similar respectable houses under shade trees, on Oakley Avenue, Chicago. Just after seven, Sunday evening of June 14, Elsbeth Scharf—who'd just got out of St. Bernard's Hospital that morning—heard a scream, rushed out her front door, to see Brother being carried toward the house, screaming and bleeding. A Spitz dog had bitten him, and had then run up on a porch and bitten another dog. Brother had been badly slashed across his little face, and bitten on one arm, and one leg.

What Elsbeth Scharf now did, instantly, automatically, shows her intelligence, and reflects upon the prejudices of those of our prosperous fat boys and girls, and of our social workers, too, who feel that working people invariably have their own stupidity and negligence to thank for their misfortunes. Right away Elsbeth called the family doctor. Yes, the dog was foaming at the mouth, she said. And, before you could take time to tell it—sick as she herself still was—Brother was in her arms, only sobbing now, in a neighbor's automobile on the way to St. Bernard's Hospital.

Here the wounds on his arm and leg were cauterized, the bleeding deep gash under his eye was burned out, and closed with stitches. Should she report the dog to the police or the Health Department? No, the hospital would do that. The next day the police came to take the dog, who since that had bitten the wife of its owner, away to the pound. Should Brother have the shots that are given for rabies? Elsbeth was anxious. She

wanted to know where she was at, she said. The police said no, but to wait for a report from the Health Dept.

That was Monday, June 15th, and the next day, Tuesday, sure enough, a Health Department doctor came, round noon, and said yes, the dog was mad, not to lose any time, but to "take the child down to have the shots." Even last night the family doctor had been anxious to have the rabies vaccine started, and today Elsbeth Scharf didn't have to be told to hurry, knowing face-bites by mad dogs are most dangerous. . . . But now Elsbeth couldn't go—just out of the hospital as she was, and with the doctor's orders to stay in bed.

Well, thank heavens here was her mother, Grandma Bircher, who, as she afterwards told it, grabbed her hat in one hand and Brother with the other, and right away set off downtown to the Health Department in the City Hall. Here it must be stated that Grandma Bircher, in her telling the story to this reporter, exaggerated just a little. But she was immediately corrected by her dark-eyed, very sad-faced daughter, Elsbeth, who has one of the most coldly accurate memories I've ever met. "No, mother," Elsbeth said, "No, you waited ten minutes, don't you remember you waited for Auntie to go along with you?"

It is basic to the integrity of this story that any slight slips in the narrative made by bitter Grandma Bircher were invariably so corrected.

But now the youngster would be all right, hardly a doubt of it. Here was Auntie, and in Grandma Bircher's purse there was a ten dollar bill and a slip that had two men's names on it,

if you don't find one of them at the Health Department, the other'll take care of the child, only hurry, you don't want to monkey round with a baby who's been bit in the face, the Health Department doctor had got that clear in Grandma Bircher's head.

Now here were Grandma Bircher, Auntie Meisser, and little Brother with his slashed face done up in a bandage, here they were at the Chicago City Hall, to get the benefit of the great city of Chicago's life-guarding mercy.

They were eager for the guarding of the life of this sturdy, bandaged-faced four-year-old Brother, the protection, the excellent chance of it in spite of that dangerous face wound, made possible by the powerful science discovered by the greatest of all medical scientists, Louis Pasteur. Now Grandma Bircher, though not mind you a learned woman, yet had her share of the almost universal, people's faith in Pasteur's treatment, and, loving her little grandson dearly, Grandma was determined Brother must begin his shots, today, right now.

She would have been even more aggressive, more impatient, maybe, if she had known all the lovely story of how Louis Pasteur, half-paralyzed, old, tired from a life of incessant searching, had finally come to fight the rabies death. Of how Pasteur had begun it 56 years ago at the *Hôpital Trousseau*, in Paris, standing by the bedside of a little boy who was shaken by spasms, who was so thirsty but could not swallow water, who went into fits of furious rage. Pasteur had stood there, watching his strangled dying...

That was the beginning of the last death-fight fought by this old genius.

With the deadly foam from the mouth of this dead child Pasteur began his six-years-long groping trapping of the rabies terror. It would have stirred Grandma Bircher to an even more savage eagerness for Brother's protection, if this day, waiting in the Chicago Health Department office, she had known how that gray-bearded old friend of humanity, with his face close to the jaw of a rabid, dangerous bulldog, had sucked rabid saliva into a little tube; of how he then trapped the subvisible microbe, the virus of rabies by growing it in the living brains and spinal cord of hundreds of dogs, of thousands of rabbits; of how he strangely tamed, weakened that rabies microbe by drying the microbe-teeming spinal cords of rabbits, so that the longer he dried them, the weaker the microbes got, till the great day when he found that, after a healthy dog had been bitten by a mad one, you could actually guard such a bitten dog, by shooting first very weak, then stronger and stronger rabies microbes under his skin, till finally, fantastically, you could inoculate that dog with hot, surely deadly, full strength rabies, and absolutely guard him against the mad dog danger!

But that was nothing, that was only the beginning, that mere dog-saving triumph was picayune compared to Louis Pasteur's exultation, when it flashed on him how, maybe, surely, no maybe, this very same vaccine could, no might, yes *would* save mad-dog-bitten children. For Pasteur knew that the frightful disease, rabies, had this weakness, this curious mercifulness, that, from the time a child is bitten, till the sudden, horrible, in-

variably fatal explosion of hydrophobia in that child, a month, and even more, elapses—

So there's time, if you hurry, to inject the bitten child with those guarding shots of rabbit spinal cord, beginning with the weakest, longest-dried ones, and going on to stronger and stronger inoculations—

Yes, Grandma would certainly have been stirred if she had known the old and oft-told story of that historic July day just fifty-one years ago, that day Pasteur came to his day of days.

But who could have curbed her determination to get for Brother, *right now*, the best chance for life, if she had known how this life-giver, Pasteur, had meant that this new rabies vaccine should be at the unquestioned, automatic disposal of every last threatened child who might need it?

For it is a matter of record that Pasteur took a personal interest in each of all the patients that, bitten and threatened, swarmed to his little laboratory in the Rue d'Ulm in Paris. He often helped those poor and illiterate to find suitable lodgings; he even put up mothers and their wounded children in his own laboratory. And when the nineteen wolf-bitten Russian moujiks came for the marvelous new protection all the way from Smolensk, Pasteur couldn't sleep for worry about them.

It was anything but cold scientific truth he was hunting; it was truth to give strong life that burned in him; and, when he had failed to save little Louise Pelletier, who'd come too late, there was true agony in his voice, telling the dead girl's parents: "I do so wish I could have saved your little

girl" and, as he bid them adieu, it is recorded that he burst into tears.

That was microbe hunter Louis Pasteur, the death-fighter, no the death-hater, better still, the life-bringer; and the vaccine preventive for this hideous death was for each and all demanding it and to hell with considerations of profit.

So now, surely, with that example of a passionate, generous giver of life—his very name makes all your scientists, doctors, healthmen, and even manufacturers of vaccines and serums bait their breath!—having due regard for the sharing of his science of which Pasteur was the trail-blazing leader, there would be no question that Grandma Bircher, coming this sixteenth of June to the Chicago Health Department, would instantly get the order for the rabies shots, for Brother, whose face-bite marked him, for every doctor worth his salt, as *rush*.

After all, Pasteur had the most miserable makeshift of a one-horse laboratory, compared to our magnificent manufacturing biological houses, where you can find swarms of rabbits, glittering glass apparatus in abundance, a plethora of competent bacteriologists and technicians—indeed, here in America today you'll find potential productive plants for life-saving serums and vaccines that'd make Pasteur green with envy. If the more abundant any commodity is, the cheaper it should be, then like air, like sunshine, rabies vaccine should cost nothing at all.

So Grandma Bircher walked into the Health Department Office this day with confidence, leading bandaged-faced little Anthony. Our municipal-

ities guard us against fire, against murderers, and this protection comes out of our tax-money. Surely protection of our babies against mad dogs—for whose running at large the community is absolutely responsible—is also a public service, not to be bought with dollars! So now, if he could have known what now began to happen, wouldn't old Louis Pasteur have turned over in his grave?

Grandma Bircher, and Auntie Meisser, and four-year-old Brother, done up in bandages, came into the Health Department office, and, exactly as she was told, Grandma Bircher asked to see Mr. Chapman, right now, since it was emergency, since they must hurry, but Mr. Chapman was out, they were sorry, and could Grandma please wait, and now Grandma, and Auntie Meisser, and little Brother sat there waiting just about two hours as Grandma and Auntie both remembered it, and you must admit that was a bit tough on all three of them—especially little Brother who'd not yet got over his horrible fright from the mad dog's attack, nor over his pain—but let that pass. At the end of this time Grandma asked had Mr. Chapman come back, and was then told they were sorry, but Mr. Chapman had gone . . .

But here was another official, who looked at the slip Grandma Bircher handed him, asked when was the little boy bitten, then said: "This will cost you \$18.75."

This was a slight surprise to Grandma Bircher, who doubtless, in a dim way felt that Brother really had this protection coming from the City, didn't she and the Scharf's pay taxes;

and wasn't the City, after all, responsible for the public menace of thousands of dogs unmuzzled, then running at large, with hundreds of them biting people, children, and many of those dogs mad? But Grandma did not at this moment argue; instead she answered all she had with her was \$10. Well, sorry, but—for folks who weren't poor—the shots for children who were bitten on the face, children bitten on the face must have 21 shots instead of 14, 21 shots cost \$18.75. So, now, since Grandma Bircher had only \$10 with her, she was given another slip of paper, she must go now to Room 1130, County Building, to the Bureau of Public Welfare.

So now Grandma, Auntie Meisser, and Brother who was getting pretty tired and fidgety, had a new experience, new for all three of them. For the first time in their lives they tasted the tender mercy of a social worker. It was a Miss Ruth Coleman . . .

Had Mrs. Bircher ever been on charity and did she own her own home and why hadn't this little boy's mother come down with him? But wait, said Grandma, her daughter, Mrs. Scharf, who was the little boy's mother, was sick, just out of the hospital, still sick in bed, and they weren't on relief, Mr. Scharf was a mail-carrier, and couldn't they have the order for the shots, right now, Grandma had ten dollars with her, and she had her home owner's loan, and would come down with the \$8.75 in the morning!

No, it was \$18.75, or nothing, Miss Coleman said. And then there was another barrage of questions: Did this little boy's mother owe a hospital bill,

and how much, and how much did they owe the doctor, and what was the little boy's father's income, how much did Mr. Scharf make a week? And the now thoroughly confused and puzzled Grandma Bircher said she did not know, she could not answer.

It seems that Miss Coleman must have thought Grandma Bircher—whose reputation in the 15th Ward of Chicago is sterling—was a chiseler, was lying, because now Miss Coleman got Elsbeth, little Brother's mother, on the telephone, up out of her sick bed to the telephone, and asked all the questions over. Elsbeth of course was still more confused than Grandma, and asked were all these questions necessary, and please wouldn't they give Brother the shots, begin right now, the Health Department Doctor had said it was emergency, had said to hurry, and Miss Coleman answered they couldn't touch the child without \$18.75. Elsbeth then asked did her baby's life have to be in danger another 24 hours, and she heard Miss Coleman say yes.

Now Grandma made one last effort, and these are her words, to which she later testified, under oath: "I went over and offered her ten dollars and she refused it. She says 'eighteen seventy-five or nothing'. And I said, 'Would you let that little child die of rabies?' And she said, 'Well, that was our lookout'."

So Grandma Bircher left the Public Welfare Office, crying and at 5:30 that evening she got back home with Brother, who was very tired. That was June 16th, two days after Brother had been bitten dangerously in the face by a rabid dog, and the next day, start-

ing at 10 the next morning, Grandma went down town again, with Brother, and Precinct Captain Cramer to help her, and, after an elaborate row between Miss Coleman, Precinct Captain Cramer, Grandma, and, by telephone, Elsbeth Scharf, who was asked all the same snooping questions over, they emerged from the Welfare Office in triumph with orders for free shots of rabies vaccine.

That afternoon, this was June 17th, the first shots were slid expertly under Brother's skin by Doctor Taylor; they were double shots, because Brother, face-bitten, was rush, was emergency, and Grandma and Brother got back home to Oakley Avenue at 4 that afternoon, after an epic hegira, to the Welfare Office for that second altercation, then the Health Department for the free order, then to the Furniture Mart for the vaccine, then to the 11th Street Station for the injections.

Now there began, in the body of the little Brother Scharf who was a most innocent bystander in this strange fight for buying of the very best chance for life, another kind of battle. It was a mysterious, hidden, unseen fight in Brother's young body, between the subvisible murderous rabies microbes, and the forces of microbe-fighting resistance which must now, finally, be stirred up, mobilized, by the Pasteur treatment.

Now time went on, and now Brother had had all of his 21 shots that the City of Chicago recommends for such dangerous face-bitten cases, and everything was all right, and every day Brother went out to play, and was happy, except that he was terrified of all dogs, any dog would set him run-

ning for home, crying, but he was fine, he had never been sick a day in his life, and now it was all of 36 days after the accident, and Brother complained of a bad itching in his face where he'd been bitten but of course, said Elsbeth and Grandma that meant the wound was getting all better. . . .

Now it was 38 days, getting toward the number of days when all danger would be over, and Elsbeth—whose memory is accurate to the point of uncanny—remembers that it was quarter to five in the morning that Brother awakened her, crying, and saying he was so thirsty, and could he have a drink of water, and when Elsbeth gave him the glass, she noticed that his hand was trembling, and then when he tried to drink the water, he couldn't. . . .

Then Brother screamed, and then he said: "Hold me tight, mommy, I'm so afraid, oh hold me, mommy!"

By nine o'clock that morning they'd got hold of Dr. Taylor, who'd given the injections, and over the telephone he said it sounded bad, and they should rush little Anthony to St. Bernard's Hospital. Elsbeth remembers Brother crying and saying he didn't want to go to the hospital, and then asking: "Mommy, will they give me a baby if I go to the hospital . . . like they did you?" And so he'd stop crying Elsbeth said sure, they would, they'd give him twins if he was a good boy, and that same evening, at 8:40, Brother died, which was very merciful.

I couldn't ask either of them to live it over. But Elsbeth Scharf, who dur-

ing our long discussion of this strange story, never once smiled, described that day with simple eloquence—

"Did you ever see anybody die from hydrophobia?" asked that sad-faced woman. "No? Well you don't want to."

You say of course that anything after this is anti-climax, and you say so what, and you say that's just another one of those things, and so it would seem to those who may remember photographs of little Brother, dressed all in white and so beautiful, really peaceful in his white coffin, and pictures, in the newspapers, of that little casket, white, being carried down the church steps by six of Brother's playmates, all in white, very appropriately. It seemed just another of those sob-stories you've got to forget to go on living. So, in a couple of days, the story was dead.

But a story like this never dies, though I will admit that this will be revealed only by deducing its effect on the heart and brain of Elsbeth Scharf.

This never-smiling workingman's wife, in her day-and-night, bitter retrospect, has swallowed this final insult, that life is for those who can buy it.

Elsbeth knows—and the most sophisticated microbe-hunting savant cannot gainsay her!—that, if her little boy had had the best chance for life, he *might* now be living—

—Just as that dog is living today, the dog that was bitten by the Spitz dog who bit her Anthony. That dog had his shots promptly, and that dog is alive and back home—

—PAUL DE KUIF

Dr. De Kruif is the great-hearted author of 'Microbe Hunters,' 'Men Against Death,' 'Hunger Fighters' and, 'Why Keep Them Alive.' See a further footnote on page 96.

HISTORY IS DIFFERENT

HOW MUCH POORER IS THE WORLD
FOR HISTORY'S MISSING PAGES?

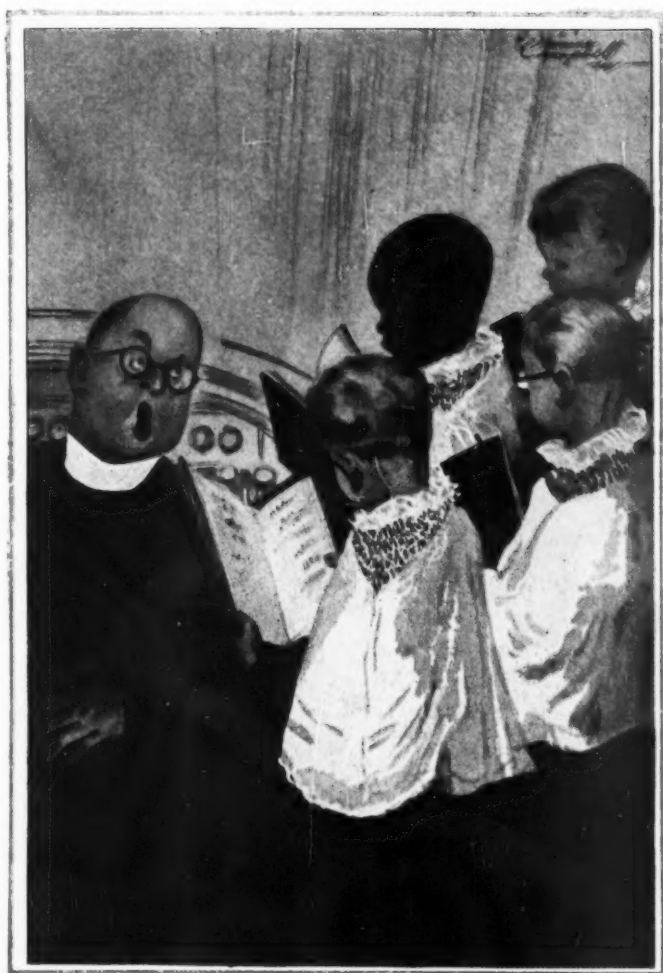


History, like life, is full of narrow escapes. How many times the history books have told us about the great heroes and villains of humanity, and recounted how, in their boyhood or early youth, they escaped miraculously from death, or how some trivial occurrence prompted them to abandon one calling for another, the other, of course, the one that Destiny intended for them. And how often the books have said, or prompted us to say, "History might have been different" if Mary and Joseph hadn't fled to Egypt when Herod was slaughtering the innocents in Jerusalem. And if an English yeoman had happened along on one of those occasions when Will Shakespeare was shooting deer in the nobleman's park, there probably would have been no *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*. The Constitution, the system of government of this country, might be entirely different if an Indian arrow or bullet had felled Washington in that period of history when the French and the English were squabbling over the proprietorship of North America. And suppose Hitler were still hanging wallpaper!

Accidents, lucky escapes from violence, pestilence, persecution; chance meetings; chance perusal of some

pamphlet have indeed changed the life of many a man of destiny, but haven't we heard that often enough, and haven't these men had their share of glory? Where we err is in assuming that these men of destiny always *escape* disaster. It occurs to me that, the law of averages being what it is, there must have been many a potential history-changer who *didn't* escape it. It is of these and their effect on history that I now write. Because of their early demise or of their failure to get into the racket that destiny intended them to get into, history is different.

There is, for instance, the great Greek scientist and navigator, Themistodes, who lived during that Golden Age of Greece, the time of Pericles. From his early youth Themistodes possessed a passion for astronomy, and showed an amazing aptitude in learning its mysteries. He not only learned all that was then known on the subject, but proved to the complete satisfaction of the rulers of the time, that the world was round. Reared near the sea, he became also one of the foremost navigators of his time, and, under his direction, large sailing vessels were constructed, larger even than those of the Renais-



"It's Amen—not yea man!"

NOVEMBER, 1936



"We feel sort of devilish, Mr. Tortonic. How about some of that dreadful swing music?"

CORONET

sance. Finally, in command of a fleet of six vessels, Themistodes sailed through the Mediterranean, and out the straits of Gibraltar, determined to circumnavigate the globe. Bearing in a Northwestward direction Themistodes finally landed on the site of what is now Boston, Massachusetts. Setting foot on land, he claimed the territory for Athens and christened it New Athens, remarking: "This will be the Athens of the New World."

Many Greek colonizers followed in Themistode's wake, and this is how the New World came to be dominated by the Greek civilization—in language, government, culture and ideals. With the marvelous natural resources at their command the Greeks, by five hundred A.D., had made of this land the centre of culture in the entire world. It remained so until the eighteenth century when, becoming continually more indolent and self-satisfied, it was conquered by barbarians, the native tribes which the Greeks had discovered on landing but had failed to wipe out. These have ruled the land ever since. Yes, that is the role—the vision is clear to me—that destiny intended for Themistodes. It is a great pity that one day, when little Themistodes had just learned to walk, he espied some funny-looking white objects growing out of the grass. He ate five or six of these, and evidently they *weren't* mushrooms. He died *awfully* quickly, and Themistode's mother and father were very sad.

Guissare, the great Italian religious leader of the eleventh century, was a man of a different stamp. As a young boy he differed, apparently, in no

way from the peasant lads with whom he played, and if he was destined to change the whole history of mediaeval Europe, he gave no indications of it. One day, however, when Guissare had just turned eighteen, there came a vision to him. The vision was in the shape of an angel, and he was completely unclad. He revealed to Guissare that it was an insult in the eyes of the Creator that human beings should cover their bodies. Clothes, continued the vision, were the deadliest of all the deadly sins, and Guissare was henceforth to consider himself as the Creator's messenger on earth, and dedicate his life to seeing that the Creator's wish in this matter should be fulfilled.

Guissare at first was skeptical, and inclined to look on the whole thing as a delusion—possibly caused by a chianti hangover. However, when the vision appeared again on the morrow, Guissare decided that it would be healthy for him to get busy. He acquainted a few of his friends with the miracle, and they, of course, scoffed. But the angel, on his second appearance, had battered one of his wings against a tree in taking off, and when Guissare was able to produce a few feathers—different from those of any bird ever seen in those parts—several of his friends began to take heed.

The movement grew slowly and met with many reverses, but within five years a good part of Italy had taken to going around without any clothes. Here, however, trouble broke out. This was all very well for the Southern nations—the upheaval had spread to Spain and Southern France—but the Northern nations, the Scan-

dinavians, the Teutons, the North Slavs and the English were unable to see the merit in it, divine sanction or no divine sanction. And so, for the next century and a half there broke out through all Europe the devastating Wars of the Clothes, a struggle which with its accompanying pestilence and economic collapse, decimated the population of Europe.

The final outcome, of course, was in favor of the non-clothes faction, and the South European or Warm Climate races virtually wiped out the Northerners or "Cover-Uppers" as they were contemptuously known. Civilization, accordingly, has from that day existed almost exclusively in climates where humans can survive without clothes. There are a few barbarians who still persist in donning a random garment or two, but these Northerners are periodically put in their place when they try to pull anything too fancy. This of course explains the prevalent doctrine of Southic (as these races are now called) Supremacy.

The only thing I have neglected to tell you about the great Guissare—certainly one of the ten most important figures in all history—is that four days before that vision appeared to him, he got into an argument with a comrade in a local wine tavern about a girl named Bianca. Guissare and his comrade, in the course of their argument, drew stilettos, and the comrade turned out to be much superior in disputation. Guissare's mother and father were *also* very sad. And how different history is just because he couldn't argue skillfully!

Then there is John Bennington,

that great English nineteenth century dramatist, poet and essayist, who ended Shakespeare's three century reign as the greatest writer Britain had ever produced. Until Bennington was thirty-two he had been employed as a waiter in a small, rather shabby little inn in a tiny village just north of Oxford. Bennington had never written a line, and, we may presume, never intended to. One day, however, it transpired, just by chance, that a celebrated literary figure of the time happened to be journeying by stage-coach from Edinburgh to Oxford—where he intended to lecture.

As luck would have it, he grew weary just as he reached Bennington's little village, and decided to put up at the Inn where Bennington was employed. Bennington waited on him at dinner, and the writer—one of those who *must* be conversing with someone—started a conversation with young Bennington. The celebrity was instantly struck with the fact that although Bennington lacked formal education, he had an uncanny, shrewd understanding of human nature. Here was a man, like Shakespeare and Dante and Goethe, who could see into humanity, and read its soul. And so the traveller persuaded Bennington to forsake the Inn and accompany him.

Bennington, of course, was not prepared to enter Oxford, but his tutor—for so he became—persuaded him to settle in London, and financed him handsomely. Two years later appeared *King Midas*, Bennington's immortal play of the Industrial Revolution then sweeping England and making its first inroads in America. Only

two winters ago it ran to over three hundred performances on Broadway—its fourteenth revival—and its central character, Henry Weathersby, is of course, like Hamlet, Ulysses, Babbitt, Falstaff, Becky Sharp, Simon Legree, and Scrooge, one of the immortal creations of the human imagination.

Within the next twenty years followed *Slow Death*, *The Wanderers*, *Penance*, *Claire Rutledge* and lesser famous Bennington plays, his *Poems of Dissent*, and his various treatises, the most notable of which, of course, is his essay: *Perils of Human Progress*. Bennington's imagery, his poetic genius, his almost supernatural insight into human nature, his deft characterizations have delighted and moved the world as that of no other genius, but it is safe to say that his greatest influence has arisen from his understanding of the social problem, his ability to foresee and to warn the world of the perils of a mechanized civilization imposed upon old ways of thinking and acting.

Certainly it is safe to say that but for John Bennington the world today would be far less happy, more poorly-ordered, far less hopeful of the future. But for his vision and his warnings the history of the nineteenth century and particularly that of the early twentieth century might not have been one of wisdom, achievement of trust and love, but one of disillusion and bitterness, one of wars and revolutions, of poverty and depressions, of man turned against man, class turned against class, nation against nation.

And now let me tell you a few more facts about Bennington. I had almost

forgotten that when the literary figure came to Bennington's town, and when his stagecoach stopped opposite the Inn, the coachman asked: "Would you like to stop here sir?" His illustrious passenger cast an appraising glance at the hostelry, and replied: "No. This looks like a hell of a place. Let's go on to Oxford even if we drop dead." And so he never met, never talked with John Bennington who continued to wait on customers and to rinse beer mugs until he died at the ripe old age of seventy-three, still never having written a line.

I could chronicle for volumes and volumes of other great figures in history—of Lisa Henner whose *Third* and *Eighth symphonies* surpass any thing of Beethoven except for the fact that she died of smallpox at the age of seven months, of Ivan Novgobar who would have made Elizabeth's England a vassal state of Russia if he had only been able to swim when he fell off that dock in his fourteenth year, of Jules Lavoir who, in 1873, discovered the cause and the cure of cancer except for the fact that he continued all his life to make Camembert cheese, —even of Biff Garson who in 1933 smashed Babe Ruth's record to bits with seventy-nine homers in a season. (Too bad the little fellow didn't see that truck coming around the corner when he ran after the ball.)

And so, when you put down that biography or history, don't pull a wise contemplative expression and tell me sententiously that history might have been different *if*—Nay, history *is* different *because*—

—PARKE CUMMINGS

DEATH OF A SPY

*A CHANCE AT IMMORTALITY IS THE
POOR GRACE GRANTED THE DOOMED*



Through the dark of the night he sat awake, watching through the narrow, barred window the little patch of violet-hued sky. With the first glimmer of dawn he knew he would be led away.

He had not slept now for five nights and days. On the run like a hunted thing, under cover in the woods in enemy territory, his one thought to get back, back to the safety of his own lines. And then last night to be but fifty feet from his own pickets—when swiftly out of the blackness a flash of white faces. His arms quickly pinioned. Caught with the papers in his inside pocket. The grim finger of fate had pointed him out.

Then brought before the general, who complimented him on the sketches he had made of the invader's forts. He remembered the general's aristocratic face umbered in the low glow of the dim light, and the suave, urbane voice. A gentleman, and yet a veritable falcon of war.

Those rapid-fire questions, well-couched withal to throw him off the track. He answered but a few and then was silent.

"A captain, lately promoted?"
"Yes!"

"Age?" "Twenty years."

"Hum, rather a young man, and with life before you, to take such a dangerous mission. And yet you almost succeeded. You are aware of the rules of war in this regard? Yet, we can mitigate your sentence if you answer a few questions, with no one the wiser. Consider well, young man, the alternative!"

"Sorry, general, I have nothing more to say."

"Hum," the general then said, nodding his head as if in approval. Quickly he drew the white sheet of paper towards him and scratched his name with a flourish. The death sentence.

Then turned over to the provost-marshal, a thick lot of a fellow, a spleenful, crankous jack of a man with a dog's face on him. Two questions he had asked of him, and then was silent, one about a minister and that failing about a Bible. Both were refused.

* * *

Now he heard footsteps approaching outside. It was time at last. He turned towards the wall and looked up at the patch of faintly-brightening sky. He closed his eyes, for he knew that he was now come to his loneliest moment, the loneliest a man could

know; and his heart was filled with a sudden surge of tears. The keys rattled in the lock; the door opened and a non-commissioned officer entered.

"Are ye ready now, lad?" The voice was kindly with a touch of brogue.

"Yes, I'm ready."

"Have courage now."

"Thanks, I'll be all right. I suppose the provost-marshal wouldn't change his mind about a minister or . . . ?"

"No, he's a hard man, lad. 'Twas only by accident I'm thinking that God Himself threw a soul into him. You should have asked the general—he's a gentleman. Ah, well, 'tis too late now, and we must go."

The detail was already drawn up outside. As he took his place he noted the grim and solemn faces. And he saw standing a ways off at a respectful distance a nondescript group of spectators, the more curious of the townspeople arisen early to see him die, for the news of his capture and sentence had got around.

Now they marched slowly up the lane, their footfalls soft upon the ground still damp with the early dew. The civilians shuffled slowly, shyly behind. They passed a large clump of trees full of green and gold and mystery. The trees he noted; he had always loved trees, the trees of his own land with their roots in this soil like himself. There stood a birch good for staves, and there an oak also good for building. And a little wind now soughed softly through them and the rustling of their leaves seemed to be bidding him a kind farewell. And to his keen ears came other sounds, the

stir of animals and the little earthy things, and from somewhere in the distance came the voices of birds. He could single out the frightened cry of a lapwing, the scolding talk of a blackbird and what he loved above all the first notes of a lone wood thrush singing its morning song.

They were marching due north now. To the north lay his own place, not so many miles away. And the hills of home now rose in his mind. They would be getting up soon to do the chores on the farm; his dog would be out barking. There was his mother! The quiet comfort of her face . . . and his girl, Alice. If he could only see them once more for a last good-bye he would die happily. When they found out, how they would cry tears down.

They came to a knoll. He thought he could see the river a few hundred yards away but the trees hid it. And yet over there beyond the farther shore his comrades kept vigil, and his five brothers with them, all fighting for the same thing these men, his captors, also loved and also would have died for in their own country. If men could but understand that, he thought, men would fight no more wars.

* * *

And now suddenly he saw it. It swung in the wind a bit, a noose hanging from a tree, an apple-tree. "The apple-tree, the singing and the gold!" He remembered the Greek line; and with it the thought of the Rev. Huntington, who taught him his classics . . . And underneath the noose stood a step-ladder.

A matter of minutes now. It was

the end of the end. He felt his heart pounding, pounding within him. It was so hard to die. And the weight of a great grief came down upon him. Not to be shot as a soldier but hanged as a spy, without the ear of friend or comrade. And the general's words came back to him, "so young a man with life before you." But he remembered too the words of the Commander as he looked at them with his proud, grave eyes, "Gentlemen, you are sprung from the patriot breed; remember your loyalty." And he felt those words sustain him.

He climbed the step-ladder, and took one long look around him over the fields and the woods stretching to the horizon, eager to take the scene in for the last time. His eyes came back to those gathered around him. He knew that presently he would be asked if he had anything to say before he went, the poor grace they grant the doomed. Well, nothing of course. Why should he speak when he seemed already to belong to some world out of sight and misty that had for its mearing the silence that was beyond all other silences. It was not the time for words. Nor could he sum up what he felt in his heart, with his poor thoughts fugitive. What could he say, for example, like what the Commander might say! What were words now anyway? Besides, the guns from that farther shore beyond the trees would shortly speak for him and his cause more than he could ever tell.

And then it came to him suddenly that he had to say something to these people, not for himself but for what he represented, what he fought for,

what he was dying for; and he felt it welling up in his heart so that he had to smother the catch in this throat.

He heard himself saying it with words that came to his lips simply and unbidden, as if flowing from some deep below the shallow stream of any personal impulse, as if the very spirit of his country were speaking through him. As the words became imaged in the burning fire of his mind he rose to his fullest stature and with a calm voice he said:

"I regret that I have but one life to lose for my country!"

His own voice seemed to him like a wind in a lonely place, it was so silent now around him and no man stirred, so tensely did they stand looking up into his face. And he knew that they had heard his words, every one, as he had spoken them by the dawn's early light.

"Gentlemen," he said. "I am ready!"

Now the provost-marshal was beside him, and the noose was about his neck. He saw the non-com. looking at him, and the final note of the lone wood thrush came over the fields. And he heard his own name now called out in a loud voice:

"Prepare to meet your God, Nathan Hale!"

As he breathed his country's name, the ladder with a mighty pull was jerked from under him, and he fell as a noise of thunders and a great downrushing filled his ears in the white heat of a destruction that devoured his senses like a flame.

—T. F. HEALY

AH, BLESSED INSOMNIA

INTO EACH LIFE A YEN MUST COME
TO SHARE AFFLICTION'S PRIVILEGES



My friend Foster has long resented his being a sound sleeper. Some say this resentment dates back to the time he slept through the Santa Barbara earthquake. But he himself fixes it somewhat later; from that night, in fact, when old Major Preston Carstairs next door crept down to the hired girl's room. The major had been confronted not only by the hired girl but also by his wife, who had taken the trouble to provide herself with the major's service pistol. The major had neatly sidestepped and leaped out a basement window, and had as neatly been winged in the left foot as he was speeding down the back lawn. Almost at once the neighborhood had boiled with police and newspaper photographers, and Mrs. Foster had spent the night hanging deliciously out the bedroom window. But the first her husband knew of the affair was when he picked up the morning paper at breakfast. He was exceedingly bitter.

"Why the hell didn't you wake me up?" he demanded when Mrs. Foster came down.

"You were sleeping so peacefully, that I didn't have the heart."

This appealed to him as the basest sort of treachery, and at frequent and unpredictable intervals the memory

of the old wrong returned to rankle him. He was brooding over the matter one night recently, he recalls, while waiting for Mrs. Foster to conclude creaming her face and turn out the lights. Presently he got out of bed and went downstairs.

"I don't feel sleepy somehow," he said, expecting to be engaged in argument. But, for once, he went unchallenged.

The greater part of his first night of insomnia my friend Foster spent in contemplating the Great Truths, something for which he had never before had enough time. He began by trying to reduce things to their common denominators, like sex, vanity, greed, mother-love, self-preservation and love of country. But just about everything he tackled, he recalls, simmered down finally to sex. It was pretty discouraging. He gave it all up for a sandwich and a highball at three o'clock. At four o'clock he shaved. Two hours later when the maid came down to prepare breakfast, he was idly thumbing through a magazine.

"Hello, Anne," he called. "I guess you must be surprised to see me up so early."

"Oh, I don't know," she said cau-

tiously. "I guess you been up this early before."

"But I haven't been to bed at all," he confided. "Just couldn't seem to sleep."

"Well," she commented.

On the train to town, however, he did manage to nap the full hour. Likewise on the way home. Mrs. Foster studied him narrowly at the station and drove home, he thought, somewhat grimly.

"Immediately after supper, little man," said Mrs. Foster, "you are going up to bed."

He did turn in protestingly about eight o'clock, but an hour or two later he came downstairs again.

"It's no use," he said happily, "I just can't seem to sleep. I suppose it happens to everyone occasionally."

"Darling," said Mrs. Foster firmly, "I said nothing at all last week when you began to reduce your waistline by flexing the muscles of your abdomen. You stood around here for hours working your stomach in and out with that awful, intent look upon your face, and there were times when all of us wanted to scream. But we didn't. But if you think you are going to putter around downstairs all night long, night after night, you're wrong."

"I can't help it, can I," he protested, "if I can't sleep! I'll come up just the moment I begin to feel drowsy."

He accomplished a great deal the second night. He went about the house straightening pictures, rearranging the scatter-rugs in geometrical relationship to one another, replacing the doilies in the exact centers of the tables, regrouping the books in the

bookcases in alphabetical order, screwing all the electric light bulbs in a little tighter. At about four o'clock he made himself another highball and began looking at the illustrations in the Encyclopedia Britannica.

He slept, of course, on the train to and from town. It did wonders. He came home literally glowing with wakefulness.

Mrs. Foster had telephoned him to take a taxi from the station. She met him at the door in curl-papers.

"We're going out," she said. "To dinner."

He slipped cheerfully into his dinner clothes, mixed a highball.

He recalls quite clearly the drive, the host and hostess, the guests, the davenport, the blazing fire, the two Martinis and the polite interest in his insomnia. He even remembers telling a young woman in pink chiffon that he really ought to consult a doctor. But he doesn't recall dropping off to sleep in the middle of a sentence. And he knows only by hearsay, of course, how the guests tiptoed into the dining room when dinner was announced, and how they closed the dining room doors when he began to snore ever so softly. He only vaguely recalls being assisted into a bed, and he is trying his best to forget how he awoke the next morning in a strange room to learn that Mrs. Foster had maliciously left him there, saying it served him right.

Currently my friend Foster is brushing his hair for twenty minutes at a time, morning and evening, to keep it from falling out.

—DOUG WELCH

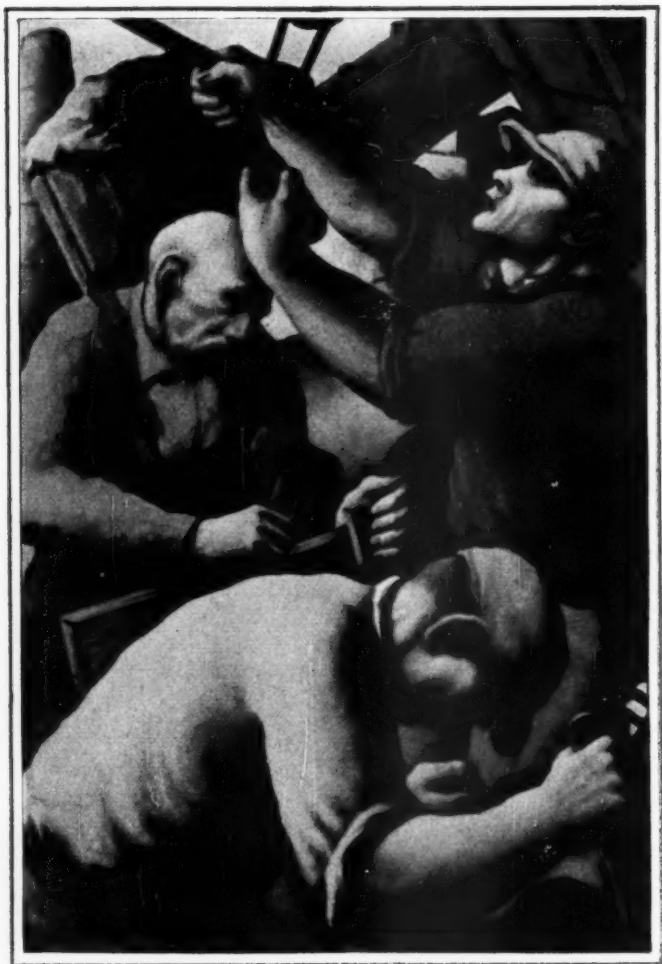


COLL. CHESTER A. GASH

WORKER BY MELTSNER

Life is a grim business in all the paintings of Paul Meltsner, but the dreariness, fortunately for those who like to take their art apart from propaganda, does not affect his palette, in which there is neither grime nor desolation. See the note on page twenty-three.

NOVEMBER, 1936



COLL. MIDTOWN GALLERIES, N. Y.

WORKERS BY MELTSNER

The Meltsner paintings were reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of A. D. Gruskin, director of the Midtown Galleries, 605 Madison Avenue, New York, where Meltsner's work is permanently on display and sale. These are typical of the artist's current style.

CORONET

ABOUT PAUL MELTSNER

*A NOTE ON AN ARTIST WHO IS NOT
AS WIDELY KNOWN AS HE SHOULD BE*



To listen to Paul Meltsner one would suppose that it must be fun to be a painter. Looking at his pictures one is compelled to conclude that life is a grim business of industrial strife, with factories shut down or picketed and armed guards killing strikers, with the survivors bearing the victims to an off-stage funeral. And yet the color is not dreary. It may be raw color, something like sulphur in its dry, yellow, powdered stage, but certainly there is neither grime nor desolation in that palette. The members of Mr. Meltsner's industrial *dramatis personae* are neatly stylized, their faces washed and perhaps their nails manicured, the difference between the guards and strikers being that the former have guns and the latter are armed mainly in that meekness with which one is supposed to inherit the earth. A wisecracker and wit at the café table, Mr. Meltsner is a proletarian artist when he works, and he works hard, he says. Which is what a proletarian artist should do.

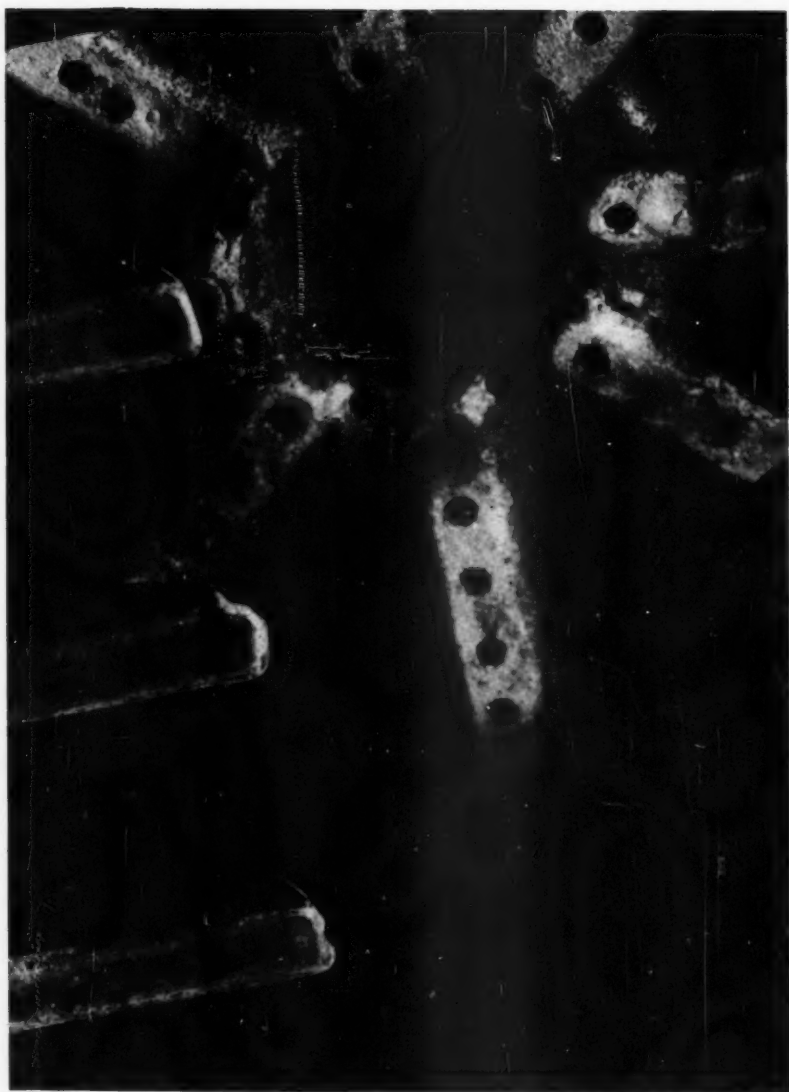
Meltsner is young, but old enough to have gone through a number of pre-proletarian art periods. He had a grey period once. Another time he painted boats at Provincetown and also did a number of fine large-scaled

flower pieces and still lives. In fact, once he painted girls. A bachelor, he is fond of girls and is especially witty when he's the center of a bevy, but he denies that he likes them as much as people say he does. But he doesn't paint them any more.

The truth of the matter may be that Paul Meltsner is at a crossroads wondering which one to take. He would like to be more popular than he is and would like to have money in the bank, both legitimate aspirations. But it is possible that they deflect him from the business of being an artist. He gives the impression of a man who wonders whether the bandwagon has passed him by or whether it hasn't arrived yet.

He exhibits frequently. He sells lithographs when he isn't selling paintings and is represented in a number of museum collections. His most suitable medium may turn out to be the water color and he has a flair for mural design, but has not yet won himself a wall on which to execute those designs. He divides his year between Greenwich Village and Woodstock, N. Y. He has an Irish terrier pup whom he calls Van Gogh, after one who was also a neglected artist.

—H. S.

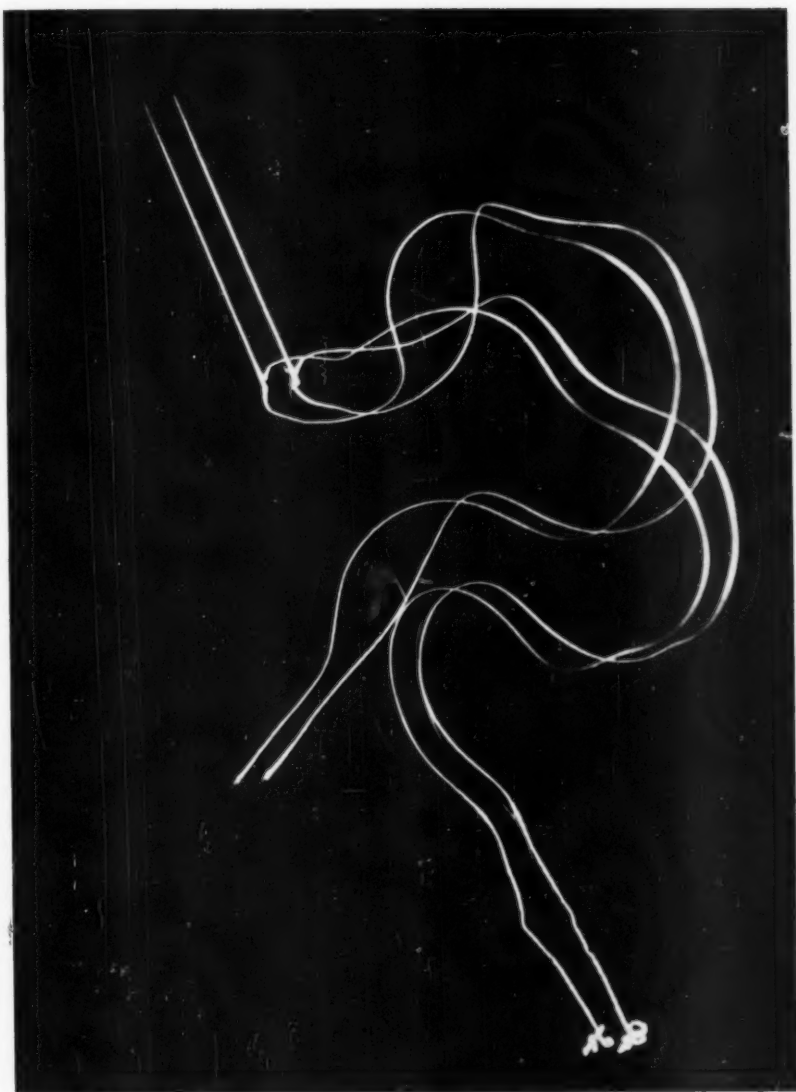


WESTELIN

CHICAGO

HOME AT THE RANGE

CORONET



CHICAGO
NELLA R. GALVIN

LIMA, OHIO

DANCING NEEDLE AND THREAD

CORONET



EDWARD WESTON

BLACK STAR PHOTO

CABBAGE SPROUT

CORONET

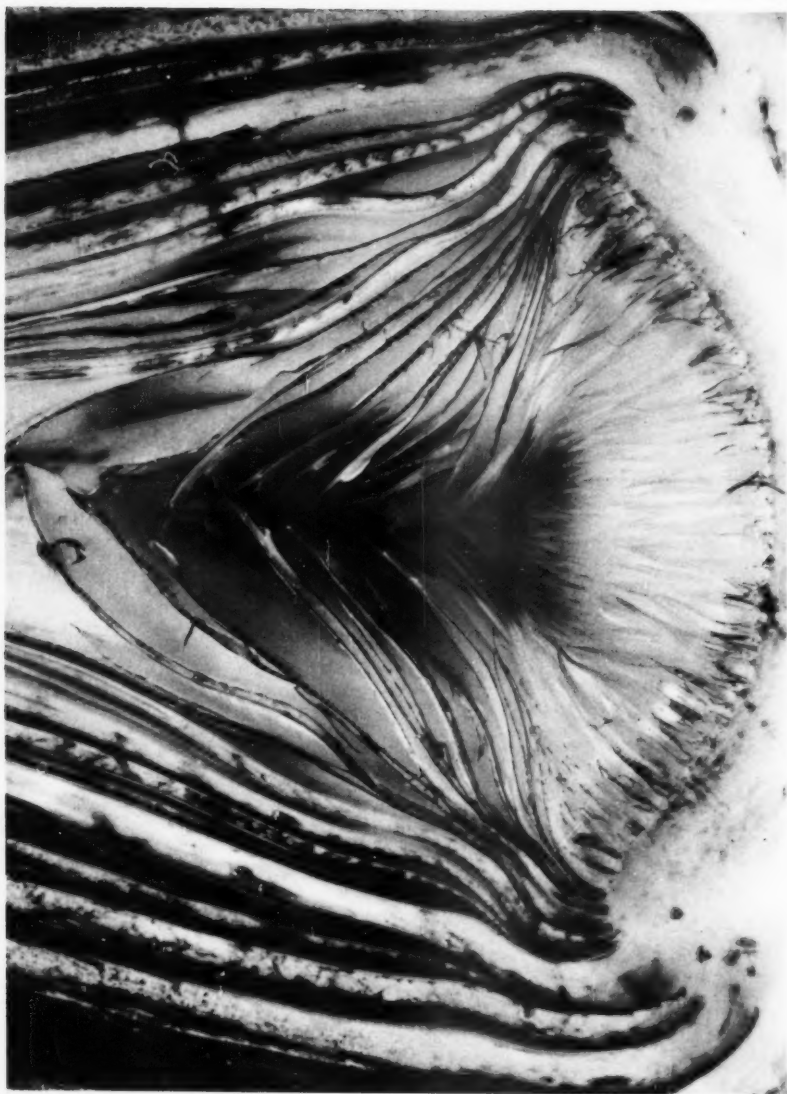


EDWARD WESTON

BLACK STAR PHOTO

ONION

NOVEMBER, 1936



EDWARD WESTON

BLACK STAR PHOTO

ARTICHOKE

CORONET



EUROPEAN PHOTO

THE EARTH DIVER

NOVEMBER, 1936



RUTH BERNHARD

BLACK STAR PHOTO

BOY, HAND AND FOOT

CORONET



B. C. NORRMAN

ROCKFORD, ILL.

PEANUT, WIRE AND TISSUE

NOVEMBER, 1936



EDWARD QUIGLEY

PHILADELPHIA

MOONBLOOM

CORONET



EDWARD QUIGLEY

PHILADELPHIA

QUETZALCOATL

NOVEMBER, 1936



EUROPEAN PHOTO

THE GOOSE PARADE

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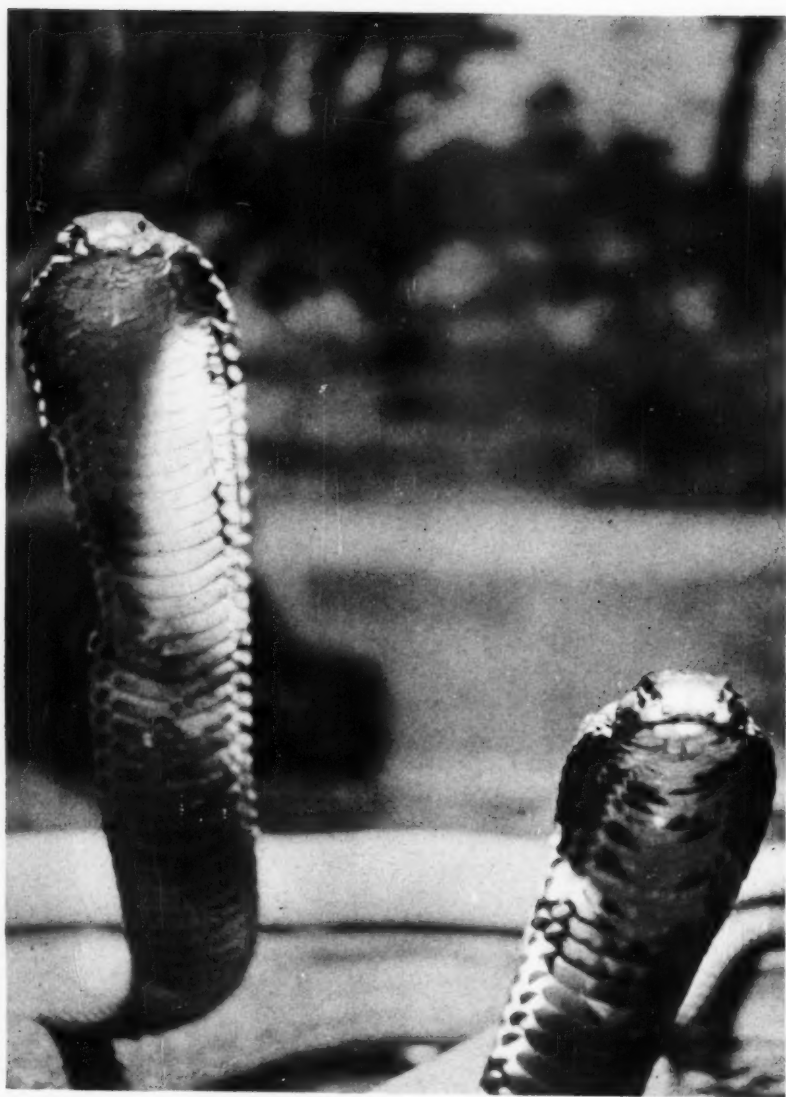


PIERRE BETZ

COLMAR, FRANCE

CALF CLOSE-UP

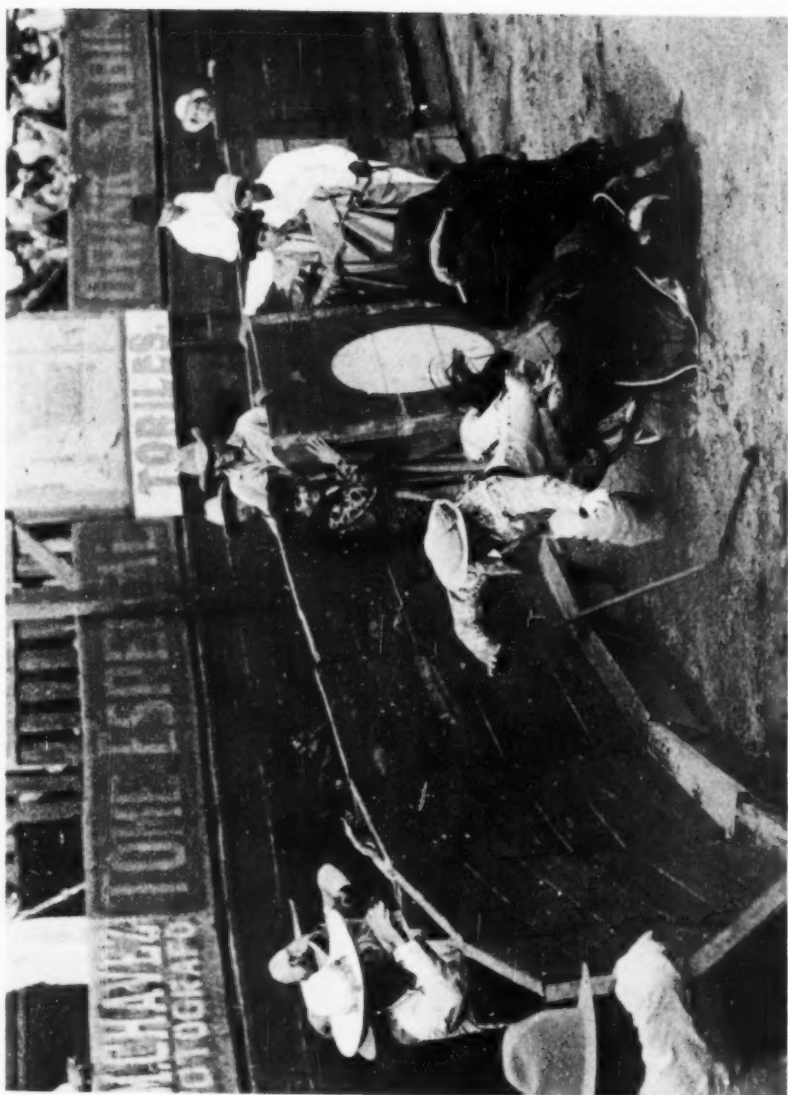
NOVEMBER, 1936



KEYSTONE PHOTO

KING COBRAS ABOUT TO STRIKE

CORONET



JOE ROSENTHAL

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF

DIVERTISSEMENT

NOVEMBER, 1936

A MODEL PEP TALK

IF THE FOOTBALL COACH WOULD
ONLY SAY WHAT HE OFTEN FEELS



"Alleged football players, there now remain seven minutes before you take the field and do what is popularly known as die for dear old Whatchamacallit.

"Why any of you should want to die for a college consisting of seven leaky dormitories, a chemistry laboratory that was antediluvian in 1903, a faculty incompetent to perform in a first rate high school, and seven hundred half-wits too dumb to get into any other institution of learning is too much for me to fathom.

"But I am not drawing my \$12,000 per annum to figure out problems like that. I am receiving it (if this college remains solvent long enough) for teaching you enough football to enable you to defeat the sons of the illustrious university you are pitted against this afternoon, the delusion being that by so doing you will make Whatchamacallit a famous institution.

"The plain truth is, that in such an event, Whatchamacallit *will* become famous for a period of all of two and a half months, whereas our rival, after weathering a few weeks of jibing by the sports writers will continue to be famous, produce its customary share of notable statesmen, financiers

and men of letters, and receive more huge endowments from philanthropists than ever.

"All this, however, is but a far-flung postulate, because the sad fact is that you will *not* emerge victorious today, but will be roundly trounced. There persists in this country the obsession that sons of wealthy parents are not able to survive what is known as the give-and-take of football, that they are effeminate and addicted to copious tea-drinking.

"After you backs have been tackled a few times by the opposing left-tackle, who is worth five millions in his own right, and the opposing left half back, who traces his ancestors to William the Conqueror, this delusion will have been knocked out of you along, probably, with your wind and three or four front teeth.

"My admonition is, then, to go in there, pray fervently that you remember the signals for once, refrain from fumbling and calling for a punt when you have the ball on their one-yard line (when and if), try hard to hold the score down to thirty points, and endeavor to get what little fun out of the game you can. All right, victims—"

—GAVIN PETERS



*"So I says to Mr. Hearst—either I get more commission or I go to work for
the Tribune"*

NOVEMBER, 1936



"I can't understand it—the package said petunias"

CORONET

A LUNATIC VILLAGE

FOR THIRTEEN CENTURIES THIS ONE
TOWN HAS LIVED AS OPEN ASYLUM



Going by auto from Brussels, Belgium, to the eastern part of the small country, and being a stranger, I found the route difficult to follow in a small village about two hours after I started, so I stopped and spoke to an intelligent middle-aged man on the sidewalk.

"Which is the road for Caulille?" I asked, in French.

"I wouldn't go there," he answered, calmly. "It was destroyed by earthquake last night."

"What? I didn't hear about that in Brussels this morning—didn't think you had earthquakes in Belgium, anyway?"

"This isn't Belgium," he answered, scornfully, "it's Japan! But I used to live in Belgium."

At once, I realized this was the village imbecile. You find them in most small towns of the Continent: harmless individuals, tolerated kindly by the rest of the inhabitants.

I thanked him seriously for the information, whereat he gave me quite a courtly bow. Certainly, I should never have taken him for a mental defective—he had such an alert look.

Farther up the street, a plainly-dressed man was lounging against a gas-

olene pump. Again, I inquired the way.

Looking at the automobile, he remarked: "That's a nice bicycle you have there. Give me a ride?" He came closer—and I saw the eyes of an immature child looking out of the manly countenance. Another dwarfed intelligence! I seemed to be collecting them. What was the matter with this place?

Just then, the real garage man came out of his office with a small tin lid in his hand. "Here," he said to the idiot, "here's something for you. Take good care of it." The eccentric grasped it eagerly and walked off, chuckling to himself with pleasure.

"He's one of our 'guests'," said the garage-man. "*Toujours, il demande quelquechose brillante.*" ("Always, he asks for something shining.")

"Your guest? What do you mean? The man's silly."

"*Monsieur* is evidently a foreigner," he answered. "Don't you know this is the village of Gheel? We have those fellows all around here, boarding with us. I have three of them at home."

"Three lunatics? No; I don't understand."

"Gheel is a town of lunatics, *Monsieur*. It is our principal industry—boarding them. They come from all

over Belgium, and some from abroad, too. They live with us, instead of being put in asylums. They call it: "the System of Gheel." Many foreign doctors visit here to learn about it. We Belgians are proud of the way we handle this question of the 'weak fold.' They have the full freedom of the village, as you have seen. At night, only, must they come home to the house where they're staying."

This was my first introduction to one of the most curious colonies in the world, planted here in the flat Flemish countryside. It was new to me, as I suppose it must be to most laymen; but later I found it was famous among brain specialists everywhere. The System of Gheel. There it is: not an experiment, but a plan existing from times of antiquity; probably one of the most humane institutions man has established.

In the year 600, there was an Irish princess—(though why an *Irish* princess in Flanders?)—at Gheel, by the name of Dymphna, whose father became depraved and in a fit of anger, had her executed. As she had lived such an exemplary life, the people made her a saint—the patron saint of the insane. The fine old Gothic church in the village, dedicated to her, has a shrine in the choir, near which, every Sunday morning, hundreds of the poor afflicted creatures come to worship God—and a more orderly congregation can be found nowhere.

During thirteen hundred years, therefore, insane persons have been lodged in the houses of the village and on outlying farms, for about five miles around. In the early days, the system

was unorganized, and there were, undoubtedly, a certain amount of abuses. This was not confined to Belgium, however, but common to all countries. We all know that little more than a century ago, lunatics were everywhere treated worse than criminals, chained in cells like wild animals, the idea that mental aberration is a disease and not a crime being a comparatively modern one. But throughout the centuries, it is contended that those lodged in this village were in much more fortunate situation than their fellow-sufferers confined elsewhere. This is quite probably so, the Belgians being by nature a kindly folk, with quick sympathy for misfortune.

In 1850, regulations were proclaimed by the then King of the Belgians for the government of the colony, which had the effect of making it a model for other nations to observe. The administration is in the hands of a high commission—whose members are changed periodically—and a permanent commission. There is a resident medical inspector with a staff of doctors under him, so that each patient, who is carefully listed and his behavior recorded, may have medical observation and care regularly. This is a considerable work, when it is realized there are more than 1,300 patients.

It is the duty of the medical staff, moreover, to inspect regularly the rooms in which patients sleep and the food they are given, to see that sanitary and dietary conditions do not vary from those prescribed. Any householder found delinquent is liable to have his license suspended or re-

voked, and thus lose his right to board patients, and, incidentally, his means of livelihood.

There is a large infirmary in the village, which is not, however, an asylum, for no insane are kept there permanently. It is used merely for treatment of incidental illnesses among the Colony, such as accidents, contagious diseases, etc.; or for those requiring momentary surveillance. As is well-known with mental subjects, there are times when otherwise well-behaved ones are apt to become violent. People in Gheel told me, however, that the arrival of these turbulent periods can be gauged accurately when you get to know each individual, so they are never taken by surprise. It would seem that years of familiarity with this work has made them expert. Moreover, they told me they were never afraid, for I thought the knowledge there were three or four unsound persons around the premises would be disquieting to most families.

There are, of course, some lunatics so violent or objectionable they could not safely be allowed the freedom of this system. Such persons are not kept at Gheel. One of the Rules pertaining to the Colony reads: "Lunatics cannot be received into the Colony who must be constrained or repressed, are of suicidal, homicidal or incendiary inclinations, or those who try to escape frequently or whose malady affects public tranquillity or decency." But this desperate condition is usually rare among the insane, most subjects being fairly rational for the most part of the time, or having harmless delusions.

The question of escape intrigued me, for, of course, there are no walls or fences around the Colony. I questioned one of the inhabitants about it.

"Oh yes," he said, "sometimes we do have an escape. But they are soon caught and brought back, and are then cautioned that if they do not give up the habit, they will be sent to a regular asylum. They understand all right."

"But how is it they are caught easily?"

"Well, you know, every normal person in Belgium is issued an identity card by the police, and must carry this around with him. If he wants work, his employer has to see his card. But cards are not issued to insane people, so they cannot get far without running foul of the police in this country; and, naturally, they cannot cross the frontier into Holland. But usually they are glad to be brought back here and sorry they left. We don't require any guards; in fact, that would be against the principle of the system: full freedom."

"And are there many cures?" I was curious to know.

"Yes. A larger proportion than is usual elsewhere I believe. We attribute this to the healthy outdoor life they lead and to the fact that they associate so much with sane people. But most of them are incurables, unfortunately—the malady is too deep-seated."

"But in most asylums, the patients spend a good deal of time out of doors," I objected.

"—And with high walls around them, always in the company of their own kind," he answered. "What ex-

ample of rational behavior do they have, therefore? And then there are guards among them, and they know it. At every turn, the fact they are different is thrust upon them. Those are not ideal conditions, by any means! Here, they are as well taken care of in our houses as in the best equipped ward—better, in fact, because we have more time to give them. We like to have a good record with the medical inspector.”

“But aren’t they a lot of trouble?”

“Surprisingly little trouble, when you know how to treat them. You have to impress upon them certain lines of conduct, and be firm, like you would with a child. For that is what they are: young children. We are told by the doctor each one’s eccentricity; and that makes it easier.”

He told me there were about 800 houses taking them in, with about 1,500 rooms; and that the whole population of the village was about 18,000. Many of the patients worked on the farms—if they felt so inclined—but there was nothing forced about this labor. Most of them wanted something to do, anyway, and were glad of the work.

I got to know more about Gheel one summer, when I stayed at a village called Westerloo, about five miles away. Being much interested in the treatment of these unfortunates, I used frequently to go over to this neighboring town and talk with the different patients there and see what they were doing. There were at that time certain well-known characters, whose vagaries were known for miles around and accepted as a casual matter.

“Georges was around last night, I hear” said one of the guests at the hotel in Westerloo.

“Who is Georges?” I inquired.

“Don’t you know of Georges? He’s an inmate of Gheel with the idea he is in love with a prominent lady in this district. About every two weeks, he togs himself up in his best—including violently yellow gloves—comes over here and hovers around the gates of her park. When she hears he is about, she always endeavors to be driven out through the gates, giving him a bow in passing, knowing this is all he asks and will then return to Gheel quite contented for a month or so. This little drama has been enacted for years; but, then, everybody around here will take pains to humor the poor creatures.”

As you go into the main part of Gheel, you are likely to see a very straight, well-dressed man, a pair of field-glasses slung over his shoulder. Through these, he will scan you carefully from a distance and then rapidly disappear. I was told he was formerly an officer in a Continental army in the late War and is obsessed with a mania for spies. Hence his careful scrutiny of all travellers. Considering the number of vehicles that pass through, the poor chap must have full days; but he appears to be quite happy in his preoccupation and certainly would be miserable if prevented from indulging it.

Then, there is, or was, the “Princess,” as she is called. You are apt to see her on the street, dressed in the fine clothes of a by-gone fashion. As she passes, she will give you a haughty stare, for you are quite beneath her

notice—not in her class at all—for she believes herself a lady of high birth: an example of what the French so aptly call "*la folie de grandeur*." After I had passed her and been arrogantly cut, I had the thought that she was not so different from several otherwise sane ladies of my acquaintance who have a touch of this particular malady, and believe themselves superior to their fellow-beings with perhaps no greater justification!

Many of the patients of Gheel, however, appear to be quite normal. My wife and I had been visiting the fine old Gothic church referred to before, and noticed just outside it a young man, apparently a patient, with his nose pressed flat against the window of a small candy shop. Upon impulse, we entered the shop, bought some candy and offered it to him. He replied in Flemish, refusing it; but we did not understand that language and showed our puzzlement. A bright-looking boy standing near addressed us in perfect *English*.

"He says he doesn't like to *eat* candy," he explained, "but likes to look at it."

"Why!" I said, "You are English!"

"No, sir—Belgian; but I lived in Canada several years."

"Are you visiting Gheel?" asked my wife, noticing his good clothes.

"No. I live here. You see, *I am not responsible for myself*."

Those were his words: stated calmly, naively. We were shocked. We had not taken him for a patient and felt embarrassed in face of his frank utterance. Then we chatted with him, for it was easy to see he was glad of an opportunity to speak

English, since French and Flemish were all he heard about there.

"Are there any English here?" I asked.

"Sometimes. We also have a number of Dutch people; but the most of them are Belgians, of course."

"Would you like to go back to Canada?"

"Oh yes! It was cold in winter, with plenty of snow; but I liked it. It's warmer here."

"You like this village, then?"

"Very much. I live with very nice people. It is so quiet here, though—too quiet. That is why I like to stay around the church: to see more people. But when I get well, I shall go back to Canada."

Has he had his wish? I wonder—. Has he now finally "become responsible for himself?"

Not all there are as happy and contented, a good deal depending on the form the eccentricity has taken. There was one known as "the Book-keeper," for instance. He went around—and possibly does still, as these unfortunates have a way of living long lives—with a pad filled with figures, which he is always attempting to add up. "I can't make it balance," he says, from time to time.

Rumor states he was once a book-keeper dismissed for inaccuracy, and this unhinged his mind. If he is deprived of his figures, he has to be sent to the infirmary on the premises, for his state then becomes more desperate. So they let him go on with his everlasting, futile figuring.

We know, of course, that inmates of insane asylums usually have some particular illusion, often very strange.

But, somehow, it does not seem the same to see people acting queerly when they are confined: it is what you expect. It is when you meet them thus in the open, without restraint of any kind, that a strong effect is made on the imagination.

And they come from all stages of society. It is true that the bulk of the patients are poor and are taken care of largely by the State, a small annual payment being required from their relatives, its amount varying with the latter's income; but there are also a considerable number who come from affluent families.

Sometimes, indeed, one feels more sorry for the sane members of the family than for the mentally afflicted one; for the latter usually lives in a world of his own, whereas for them the sorrow is ever present. Those of us with no relatives thus stricken are indeed fortunate, is one of the lessons I brought away from Gheel. And an-

other thing I learned is how close to the border-line of sanity many crazy ones are—and I suppose we might say: *vice versa*.

Finally, as you come away from this village, you will probably see at its outskirts, a certain number of the patients lining the road and holding their hats out expectantly, hoping for gifts of some kind. As we got familiar with this sight, we never failed to be provided with paper-wrapped candies, tossing them into the ready hats as we passed and causing much childish merriment to the recipients. Such a small expenditure to produce so much joy!

And that is the sight which perhaps stands out more than any other in my memory of that cheerful Colony: those few, expectant faces, lighting up with pleasure, as they realize they are going to get something—that they are not friendless.

—MAURICE E. FOX

Mr. Fox is a New Yorker who lived abroad for many years. As the European engineering representative of the late Thomas A. Edison, his duties took him into out of the way places.

THE BROOKLYN ARTIST



The Brooklyn artist moved to Greenwich Village

He thought it would be good for his art.

He drinks gin and lives with Mimi.
It could have been arranged in Brooklyn.

—OTTO S. MAYER

THE BREADWINNER

THE MONKEY WAS MORE THAN A SON
COULD BE TO THE ORGAN-GRINDER



All winter Cato ailed. Emmanuel ministered to him tenderly. He kept him in the warmest nook in the flat, dispossessing the two eldest children of their wooden cot behind the stove to make a bed for the little monkey. But Cato's cough became worse every day and often when he was seized with a cold trembling fit Emmanuel cursed and struck at the first child that happened in his way. He cursed but he did not mean to curse and he was always sorry afterwards. Still the children were six in the house, all small people and motherless, and there was never a mite wrong with them except that they were always hungry, and the monkey was only one and he had fallen ill and at night his face turned ashen and looked so clearly human that Emmanuel was sure the mark of death was on him. Six children, he thought bitterly, but only one breadwinner. He knew it was sinful to think evil but in his despair he could hardly help himself. He stopped his own mouth and fed Cato the choicest bits he could get but the little monkey only grew worse.

The first warm days of spring came. Emmanuel stayed indoors and fretted. Cato lay on his cot breathing heavily, his large eyes fastened on his master.

Emmanuel talked to himself, marching back and forth, plucking at the air with his hands as he gestured. He did not want to take Cato out. No. Cato still had his cough and his body had become thin and wasted and his eyes had lost their sparkle and the hair of his head had become scraggly and was falling out. His forehead was furrowed and the brows above his eyes were arched so that he looked like a little old man, puzzled, wondering. However, they should be earning.

He went out and down the street, shaking his head, and there on his favorite corner stood Humbert with Scipio. Not a bad monkey, Scipio, but never so fine and intelligent as Cato. Still here were women and children offering him so many pennies he was hopping about grotesquely in his eagerness to snatch them all. And he was forgetting to doff his cap as Cato never forgot before the smallest child. Humbert grinned when he saw Emmanuel and twisted the leash to induce Scipio to dance. But Scipio's dance was poorly executed, without charm and without grace, and when he turned quickly his tail dragged after him on the cement walk and did not curl up like a pinwheel as did

Cato's. Emmanuel listened to the clink of pennies in Scipio's pocket, he saw the sleek smile on Humbert's face as he turned the organ, and he had to turn away because his eyes had filled with tears.

When he was home again he wandered over to his hand-organ. He touched it absently. He turned the handle. Creaking and trembling, a few bars of music issued. Emmanuel sighed.

Cato raised his head from the wooden cot.

Emmanuel watched him carefully. Then he ground out another few bars. Cato shuddered and slipped down to the floor.

"My little Cato!" said Emmanuel. "You understood what was the deepest wish of my heart!" Then he clothed him in his little military tunic and set the round cap with the mandarin button on his head. He played a tune and Cato danced feebly. He tried another and Cato took off the round cap and hopped about, making sweeping bows, extending the hat for pennies. The children came in and applauded and Cato searched their faces and licked his lips to show he was pleased.

The next morning the organ-grinder set out with his monkey. But there seemed to be no energy left in Cato and even when he danced he excited no admiration. Nor did he move anyone when he bowed or shinnied up a lamp post and the pennies he earned were few. All day not a pocket of the tunic was filled with coins.

Emmanuel did not scold. He did not shout. When he looked into the monkey's eyes he saw that they were

teared. Cato understood. And the organ-grinder knew then that Cato would be with him little longer. In three days Cato was dead and they buried him in the backyard and raised a low mound of bricks and stones to mark his grave.

For a week Emmanuel mourned him. For four years he had worked with Cato. They had been able to communicate their thoughts to each other with amazing clarity. No other monkey had been so human, thought Emmanuel. Indeed, no other monkey could ever be so intelligent, or indeed have so fine a character as little Cato.

When the week was over Emmanuel went to Impresario. He was the man who imported monkeys from South America and trained them to dance and bow and beg for pennies. His name was Falcone but the organ-men called him Impresario.

"Cato is dead," said Emmanuel.

Impresario bowed his head. "May he go to the heaven set aside for all good monkeys!" he muttered. "Not in sixteen years have I taught one in whom there was more cleverness. And I asked you only forty-five dollars for him when he was worth twice the sum anywhere."

"Yes, Impresario," Emmanuel agreed. "I never had cause to complain of Cato. He was like a son to me, one of my family. But now, Impresario, the winter was long and I have very little money. Still if you would let me pay you so much a week as you did with Cato—I need a little one. What is the organ without one? And Cato's tunic hangs empty."

The other shrugged. "You are late, my friend," he said indifferently. "It



"But I meant an extension on the bill, not on the phone"

NOVEMBER, 1936



"Oh, Frankie and Johnnie were sweethearts—"

CORONET

takes time. The spring has begun. One cannot wave his hands and produce a monkey out of the air. This month I have turned over three but they were ordered since last fall. Now I have none—"

"Even an ordinary—"

"At least six weeks, Emmanuel. Several are coming on a boat in the ocean. In one week they will be in New York. In two weeks they will be in my house. But they will be green and chatterboxes, fit only to throw cocoanuts at each other, wild animals. Give them a week to become friendly, another week to dance, a third week to bow and beg. Three weeks to become civilized creatures. It is not too long for the work and Falcone will not damage his name with a bad monkey."

"But meanwhile, Impresario, I starve—"

"Try the organ alone. Get new music, brother. In six weeks you will have one to follow Cato."

Emmanuel pleaded. Perhaps Impresario could make it in two weeks, three weeks, even four weeks. Perhaps he knew of one to rent for the time. But Falcone could not help him.

So the organ-grinder had new music put into the box. He tramped the streets. People asked for Cato. Emmanuel wiped at his eyes and explained. People shook their heads but they did not give their pennies. At the end of the first week Emmanuel was discouraged.

One day he left the box home and went to see if he could not persuade any other organ-grinder to lend him his monkey. But of course he could make no offer great enough to induce

any man to part with his breadwinner for six weeks. Emmanuel felt bad.

As he neared his home that afternoon Emmanuel heard an organ playing. The creaking and trembling—familiar. Ah, the children—He started to run.

In the center of the kitchen stood Bono, the eldest boy who kept house for the family, grinding away at the organ and before him in Cato's tunic and cap little six-year old Mazzini danced back and forth, holding his hands up as Cato used to do, grimacing with a strangely wise face, snatching at imaginary pennies and doffing the cap with a low, graceful bow. A length of curved rubber hose was pinned to the back of the tunic for a tail.

"Death!" cried Emmanuel. "Death and blasphemy." He stamped his foot and the rascals shed organ and tunic and vanished.

Sitting alone later in the evening Emmanuel thought proudly how well the children had imitated both himself and Cato. Rascals, devils. One day Bono, too, could go out with an organ. The boy spoke of wanting to go on to school. Very well, he could do that and earn his way with an organ and a monkey. As for Mazzini, the little rogue was so dark-skinned that for one moment he had almost fooled him. He had mimicked Cato's antics so gracefully, so beautifully—

Emmanuel caught his breath. Ah, so beautifully. He scratched at his chin. Why not? It was still five weeks till Impresario could produce a trained creature. Death, and why not? Little Mazzini had no flesh on his bones and the tunic fitted him

fine.

At ten o'clock the next morning Emmanuel appeared on his old corner, the one that Humbert and Scipio had for a while usurped, and alongside him, barefoot but gleeful in Cato's cap and tunic with the piece of rubber hose tied to the back, trotted dark little Mazzini. Emmanuel began to play. Several women stopped to watch. Mazzini put a finger to the button on his cap and spun about, the rubber tail after him. He made a low bow and began to dance Cato's halting dance.

"How clever!" one woman exclaimed and began to search in her purse. "It's a child."

"It's probably child labor," said another woman, "but the youngster looks as though he's enjoying it."

Mazzini snatched at the coins they extended. Emmanuel's eyes gleamed: silver. Even Cato had never been able to get silver. He, too, raised his hat.

A crowd gathered. People laughed. The few children present stared solemnly at Mazzini and whispered to each other.

"You're not a monkey!" one little girl squeaked.

Mazzini gave a handful of coins to his father, turned a somersault and then paused to put his tongue out at the children. The crowd shouted its appreciation. Spurred on, Mazzini turned a cartwheel. Emmanuel jerked at the leash attached to the tunic collar but Mazzini went on. Training had made Cato respond automatically but Mazzini was bathing in plaudits and he was aware of nothing but his audience.

At last Emmanuel stopped the music and they marched to the next corner, Mazzini perching on his father's shoulder. A queue of admirers trailed after them.

"Where's your monkey?" an old customer inquired.

"Cato die!" Emmanuel declared. "Take time to get another. Mazzini try till the new monkey come. Mazzini say it is fun. No, Mazzini?"

Once a spectator's child trotted out to vie with Mazzini and Emmanuel had to move away quickly before Mazzini started a fight. The first day, although they were out only four hours, the coins amounted to nearly eight dollars, as much as Cato had earned on his best days.

With his own hands Emmanuel washed little Mazzini's tired feet that night. When the child was in bed he leaned over and kissed his cheek. He muttered a solemn prayer as he brushed the little tunic. It would be hard to go back to the small earnings with even a good monkey after such a day with Mazzini.

The next day they encountered Humbert. "You are growing monkeys right in your own family now," the other pointed out maliciously.

Emmanuel shrugged. "Is it a greater deed to give pennies to a monkey than to a child?" he asked.

They exchanged hard stares and each went his own way, Mazzini thumbing his nose at Scipio. Across the city Emmanuel traveled, a few hours each morning and a few hours each afternoon so as not to tire the boy, and wherever they went, there people applauded Mazzini's antics and often housewives brought him

sandwiches and pieces of cake and occasionally small fruits. The child cavorted willingly and always his impishness evoked wonder and pity and coins.

The first week was nearly over when Falcone called on Emmanuel.

"You have put Mazzini into harness," he accused the organ-grinder.

"Cato die!" said Emmanuel. "Till a new one is ready, Impresario."

The other shook his head. "It is not good, brother, it is not good."

"Mazzini does not care."

"It is not Mazzini that is worrying me!" Falcone retorted. "But the fate of men who earn their living with an organ and a monkey. Let us say they all stand their own flesh and blood into harness. What would happen? Children would be monkeys and born monkeys would starve and Falcone with them. Yet even if no one but you stands a child in the harness, what will happen? The police will say, 'See what organ-grinders can do, making beasts out of bambinos? Out with all of them!' That's what they will say and everyone of us will be ruined. Now, Emmanuel, think upon your foolishness."

"Until a new monkey is ready then—"

"It will not be that long!" Falcone grumbled and left at once.

The next morning a policeman arrested Emmanuel and Mazzini in the middle of a goodly rain of coins. A taxpayer had complained that the organ-grinder was cruel to the boy.

"How old is the child?" the judge asked.

"He is six, please your Honor," said Emmanuel and ducked his head.

"He looks four!" cried the judge in surprise.

"Ah, when he was four he still looked like a suckling," said the organ-grinder. "That is because Cato, he never get much money and the children never get much to eat. Now with Mazzini we make good money."

"But we can't let you use your child this way on the city streets. It's a disgrace. It's bad enough to permit you people to use unhappy animals this way!"

"Please, judge, your Honor," Emmanuel pleaded. "Mazzini is very happy. I buy him shoes so he not barefoot. In winter I will buy him a warm coat. He is happy and he eats big and soon he will grow so fat, so healthy, the tunic will not fit him."

The judge shook his head.

"Until my friend Falcone, the trainer of monkeys, has a new one ready for me—"

But the Court would not permit it. And Emmanuel was put on probation for one year. If he took Mazzini out with him again he would go to jail and the boy would be taken away from him. Besides he should be going to school.

"It is good to give pennies to monkeys and not to give pennies to Mazzini!" Emmanuel cried in despair.

"Silence!" the court thundered and the organ-grinder went out trembling with the boy at his side.

Back home they went out into the yard and stood solemnly at Cato's grave.

"Why did you die, Cato?" Emmanuel mumbled and kicked at the bricks and stones. He muttered inco-

herently to himself and strode about striking his sides with his fists. "Why did you die?" Then catching sight of Mazzini standing there, he shouted: "Why was it not you instead of Cato? He was worth ten of you!"

The child turned in fright and ran into the house. When Emmanuel realized what he had said he was stricken with remorse and pulled at his hair. He let his tears fall on Cato's grave and then he, too, went into the house.

In the kitchen the children sat

silently, looking at each other, their faces pale and drawn. Mazzini shrank when his father entered. Cato's suit hung on a nail in the wall.

"I was only joking," Emmanuel declared shame-facedly to the smallest boy. "I would not trade you for the best monkey." He embraced Mazzini and waved to the others to stand near him. "I would not trade any one of you for two monkeys." He sighed as their faces brightened. "Still if we could get another Cato—"

—LOUIS ZARA

Mr. Zara is the author of the novels, 'Blessed Is The Man' and 'Give Us This Day'. A Chicagoan, he is at present in Hollywood working as a writer at the Twentieth Century-Fox Studios.

SOLUTION

After an investigation of several years the Cummings Institution for Discovering What Becomes of Lead Pencils When You Want Them is at last ready with the answers.

1. Wives eat them when they think their husbands are not looking. No wife admits this, but we have seen it happen through the simple process of hiding behind the dining room door.

2. Pencils, when left in the air for a period exceeding thirty days, turn into a curious chemical compound I have named trihydrolnitr sulphobicarbochloride. This is a sort of powder that falls onto the nearest available carpet, and cannot be distinguished from same except by extremely powerful microscope.

3. Pencils collect by millions, and hold an annual dance in a large field on the outskirts of Passaic, New Jersey. Every seventh pencil in each household has the right to participate, and on the evening of October 30, annually, scrams out the nearest

available aperture, and rides to Passaic on freight car rafters. After the dance all pencils, in a frenzy, throw themselves into a nearby pond.

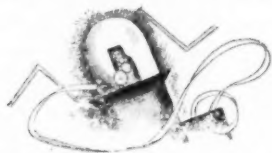
4. Strange underground people, known as Ploglies, cannot live unless they use pencils to stir their drinks with. Ploglies creep into your houses at four-thirty on Friday mornings and annually steal a total of 3,500,000,000 pencils.

5. In rainy weather, pencils get damp, and seek shelter. Their favorite place is the inside of pencil-sharpeners into which (if available) they readily leap when no one is looking. Once headed into the sharpener, they cause it to revolve rapidly, thereby bringing about their own disintegration in their misguided effort to stay dry. Pencils are awfully dumb. This also explains why your pencil sharpener is always jammed full of shavings when you are in a hurry to sharpen a pencil.

—SPENCER BOAKE

AN AMERICAN PROMOTER

THE STORY OF W. C. DURANT UP TO,
AND DOWN FROM, GENERAL MOTORS



Kings and business potentates have been known to gain vast treasure and empire and then fall; but right off-hand I can think of only one man who has ever been able to do the trick over and over again, and without losing his spirit, without even losing his smile, after dropping from heights to depths.

Born with a quality of optimism that has been his greatest strength and greatest weakness, endowed with rare genius for seeing opportunities and seizing them, William C. Durant is perhaps the most dramatic and romantic figure ever in American business. If the Great American Novel is ever written, here might be a suitable central character. It is doubtful if such a career could have been except in America. By his own personal effort he founded a business that grew into a bigger enterprise than any other ever started by one man. He launched General Motors; he *was* General Motors; he lost control of the business; he started another business that swallowed General Motors; he again met misfortune which swept him from a top place in American industry; from a fortune of \$90,000,000 he found himself \$2,000,000 in debt; once more he

acquired a fabulous fortune—and then his optimism carried him again to financial destruction.

A few months ago newspapers told of his filing a bankruptcy plea with nearly a million dollars of debts and his only assets \$250 worth of clothing. Seventy-four years old, completely broke, but by no means broken! I happened to pass him on the street in New York a day or two after the news of his bankruptcy came out, but there were no lines of worry on his face. He looked cheerful, genial.

A part of the bankruptcy story which the newspapers did *not* tell was that the creditor most pressing in demands for payment was a man to whom Durant had given a stock tip. A year or two after the crash of 1929, Durant's unswerving optimism convinced him that the worst must be over. Surely the time had come to pick up bargains in stocks. He became interested in a certain stock and one day remarked to an acquaintance that this stock would be a bonanza.

"Better buy all you can afford," he said. "If later on you don't like it, I'll be glad to take it off your hands at today's prices."

His acquaintance took him at his

word, and is now asking Durant to reimburse him for losses on that stock. Moreover, the story is that Durant has never denied his obligation or intention to keep his promise.

Anyone who was in the habit of watching stock quotations in the New Era period of the late 20's is bound to recall how potent was then the name of Durant. If prices of almost any stock advanced, people said: "Probably due to Durant buying." Many seemed to think the whole market rise might be on account of Durant buying, based on his belief in opportunities for American business that lay ahead.

Durant was supposed to have limitless funds to buy whenever and whatever he chose. While in Paris in the summer of 1929, he established a record for telephone tolls by maintaining continuous radio contact with New York through one entire market day—with the rate then \$45 for each three minutes. His phone calls to New York during his stay in Paris amounted to what many might call a snug fortune. One wonders if he ever thinks about those thousands spent on trans-Atlantic calls, with his assets now only \$250 worth of clothes!

Durant was born in Boston, grandson of H. H. Crapo, Civil War Governor of Michigan, but he came in early childhood with his parents to Flint, Michigan. Flint was then just a village—and except for Durant it might have remained a village. His first job was clerking in a grocery. Then he went into his grandfather's mill as common laborer, at 75 cents a day. He was a real Horatio Alger lad, as witness the fact that he carried

a dinner-pail. After working all day in the mill, he was clerk at night in a drug store. Within that drug store was a sub-tenant who made patent medicine. Durant thought the preparation had merit and quit his jobs in both mill and store to travel about the country selling that potion to farmers. Next he was a cigar salesman, then in real estate, in the insurance business, and later secretary of the Flint Water Works Company. Evidently he did not wish to stay long enough at one job to get himself into a rut.

One day he thumbed a ride in a two-wheeled road-cart. It was a bit different from other carts and Durant asked where it was made. He learned that it was built in Coldwater, Michigan. The next day he went to Coldwater and bought the entire cart business, including patents, for \$2,000. He did not have \$2,000, but came back to Flint and promptly raised the money. Across the street from his office was a hardware store where Durant's friend J. Dallas Dort was a clerk. When Durant told Dort he was about to start into the business of making road carts Dort immediately wished to become a partner. For \$1,000 Dort got a half interest, and thus began the Durant-Dort Carriage Company. The partners were mere boys in their early twenties; but a few years later they were operating fourteen plants in the United States and Canada, making not only road carts but a full line of vehicles, sales of which totalled 150,000 a year.

The partners organized a separate company to manufacture bicycles and sold stock to people in Flint. But they

had picked the time when the bicycle fad was starting to decline and the business did not succeed. Durant did not like the idea of his neighbors and fellow townsmen losing money because of their faith in him and his partner and he proposed to Dort that they return the stockholders' investments. Dort agreed and all stockholders got back their money.

About this time Durant employed a man one day to mow his lawn. He noticed that the man was painstaking about the job and did not neglect to cut the grass carefully about trees.

"You're too good for that job," said Durant. "I'll give you steady work in my carriage factory."

The man, C. W. Nash, went to work in the carriage factory polishing lamps at 75 cents a day. A few years later Nash preceded Durant to the presidency of General Motors. He left General Motors to go on to great success in a company of his own and it is significant that he has never had a financial failure, though Durant, who gave him his start, has crashed more than once. Perhaps this was because Nash was more conservative. Durant is too brilliant a genius for conservatism.

A wagon works in Flint had begun the manufacture of gasoline engines and this led them to producing an automobile named after its inventor, one David Buick—destined to die in poverty. The company made sixteen cars and then got into serious financial difficulty. Durant was called in to reorganize the company. People evidently recalled the time Durant paid back all the investors who would have lost their money in his bicycle

business. Within 48 hours he was able to raise \$500,000, all right in the village of Flint. For his work of reorganization Durant got \$202,000 worth of Buick stock. But he immediately turned this over to the Durant-Dort Carriage Company. His associates in the carriage company were entitled to share in this, he said, because he had earned the stock on company time. The stock grew to be worth millions!

In that first year of the Buick company under Durant's direction—1904—only 28 cars were built. But the next year the number built and sold was 627, and the year following, 2295. In the panic year of 1907, Durant declared that before long his company would be building 50,000 cars a year. A little later he predicted that within ten years America would be buying annually one million cars. Then many people began to wonder if success hadn't unbalanced the man.

Durant kept adding to the Buick plant. More than 2,000 men were employed at building these additions and the cost, which ran into many millions, was paid for out of current profits. Nor did these building costs use up the profits; Durant began to buy other automobile companies. He acquired the Cadillac company, then Oldsmobile, and a little later, Oakland. All these in October, 1908, became the General Motors Corporation. One of Durant's associates had written on a sheet of paper "International Motors Corporation" as the name of the company Durant formed, but Durant drew a line through "International" and substituted "General."

A golden stream began to flow into the company's treasury. The year following its incorporation, gross sales of General Motors was in excess of \$34,000,000 and the year after that the net profits were between \$11,000,000 and \$12,000,000. But in 1910, the bankers who had been cooperating with General Motors, extending whatever credit was needed for the vast operations, followed a bit of characteristic banker perspicacity. They decided that the automobile was purely a fad and would soon pass, just as the bicycle craze had passed. They began to call their loans at maturity. It was necessary to raise \$15,000,000 to prevent a receivership and powerful interests were willing to advance this amount, but only on condition that they should have complete control of a voting trust of the common stock for five years ending September, 1915. Durant had to step aside into an inactive directorship. He was succeeded by the man he had picked for advancement when he saw how well he mowed his lawn—Charles W. Nash, who meanwhile had become production executive at the Buick plant. (Another man in the Durant employ at the Buick plant, by the way, was a promising young engineer, Walter P. Chrysler, who later did well on his own.)

Hardly was Durant out of his place as controlling figure in General Motors until he began to itch for something to keep him busy. He knew a young racing driver whom he had employed from time to time, named Louis Chevrolet. This racing driver had for some time been experimenting on a small car, of original design.

Durant determined to manufacture this car, to be called the Chevrolet. This company, which began its manufacturing in an antiquated plant with almost no ready cash, made \$6,000,000 in six years and had assets of many millions more. But that was the least of its achievements.

When the annual meeting of General Motors was held, in September, 1915, no one knew what group of interests would be in control of the stock. Prices of the stock had climbed from \$24 a share to \$264 and everybody had been wondering about the source of the persistent buying. At the meeting the facts soon came out. W. C. Durant calmly entered the meeting, seemingly unconcerned. But he was prepared to create a sensation. He was president of the Chevrolet Motor Company and the Chevrolet Company was owner of enough General Motors stock to be in *control*! It is doubtful if any comparable story of a pigmy swallowing a giant ever occurred before or since in American industry.

A plan was evolved by which Chevrolet stock was exchanged for General Motors. Shares which had sold for \$24 now had a value of \$2100 each. The bankers who had advanced \$15,000,000 and expected to keep permanent control made a sheepish retreat.

But a little later General Motors and Durant again came upon evil days. After a vast program of expansion, accompanied by almost incredible profits, the corporation found itself in the post-war depression with its stock being dumped on the market in lots of thousands of shares. I shall



"It's a girl!"

NOVEMBER, 1936



"Shirley Temple or nothin!"

CORONET

not attempt here to go into the company's financial situation at that trying period; but Durant believed in General Motors and, hoping to save himself and his friends, he kept buying the stock as prices dropped lower and lower, until he had exhausted his entire fortune estimated at \$90,000,000, and was deeply in debt. On top of all this he was asked to resign from the presidency of General Motors.

He left the offices of the company he had founded, on December 1, 1920, for the last time; but he left without rancor. In his quiet, smiling way, his only comment was: "This seems to be moving day", and walked out.

Flat broke and in debt, after being a multi-millionaire, and at the top of the heap among American industrialists, Durant a few weeks later sent sixty-seven letters to friends, proposing the formation of a new company to make automobiles. Within two days he had received subscriptions for more than \$7,000,000. Two millions of this was returned as not needed. Thus Durant Motors.

W. C. Durant's story from then on

is fairly well known. Durant Motors had its ups and downs and those who so readily furnished the money, because of their faith in this genius of promotion, finally lost. All through the time that Durant was a power in the stock market, during the four or five years prior to the crash in '29, he repeatedly announced that his chief financial aim was to restore losses to investors in Durant Motors. In this he might finally have succeeded except for his incurable optimism. When he saw certain stocks lower-priced than he had ever seen them before, he couldn't believe they weren't rare bargains.

Today, aged 74, he is still the same optimist. He still smiles. He declines to view his career as an American Tragedy. He has sublime confidence in his ability to raise himself once again from depths to heights. In fact, I hear he has just taken on a new job. I was out of the country when that made the papers, and don't remember whether it's a chain of food shops or meat markets, but if he's in it, it will be in the news again.

—FRED C. KELLY

A NOTE OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The display of objects of art from the T'ang and Sung dynasties, which begins on page seventy-seven and consists of eleven color plates in all, was made possible through the kind assistance and cooperation of the officials of the Art Institute of Chicago.

All objects designated as belonging to the Lucy Maud Buckingham Collection are in the Institute's permanent possession. The objects listed as be-

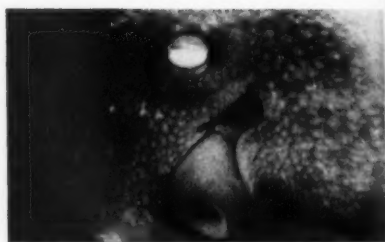
longing to private collections are also to be found at the Institute, where they are on loan exhibition.

Particular acknowledgment should be expressed for the assistance of Helen C. Gunsaulus, of the Art Institute's Department of Oriental Art, in the identification and description of various details of the objects photographed.

—THE EDITORS



1—In this corner, Battling Octopus . . .



5—And Ends it with a raspberry . . .



2—Eight-armed and unafraid . . .



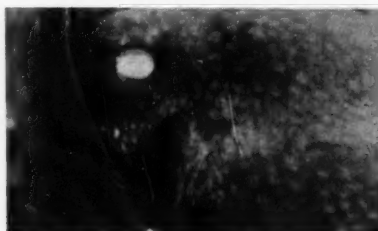
6—Which Challenger Shark resents



3—Introducing Sharp Tooth Shark . . .



7—A Flash of a tail and he's off . . .



4—The Octopus poses for a close-up . . .



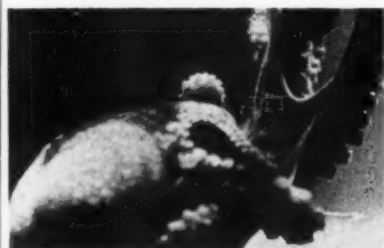
8—The Octopus prepares to meet him . . .



9—Eight flailing arms curl menacingly . . .



13—Contact! Shark meets octopus! . . .



10—Hundreds of suction cups ready . . .



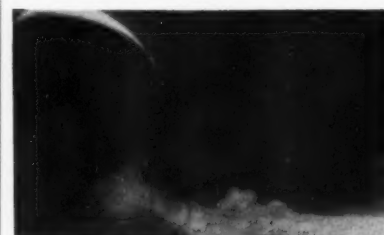
14—The shark's vicious flying tackle . . .



11—To clamp down and never let go . . .



15—Sends the octopus to the ocean floor . . .



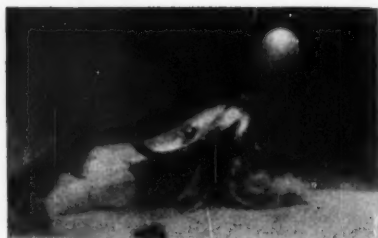
12—The angry shark torpedoes to war . . .



16—but he wriggles free and is up again . . .



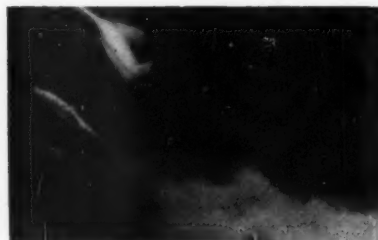
17—Maddened, the shark rushes in again...



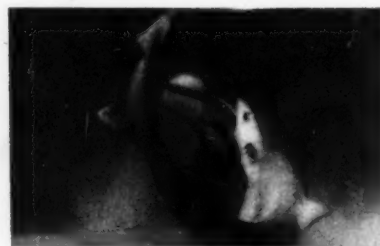
21—The octopus rears up and is free...



18—When eight steel-like arms trap him...



22—Undaunted, shark tears in again...



19—A flip of his powerful tail—he's free...



23—Snapping jaws and 8 flailing arms...



20—At close quarters—a clinch...



24—Octopus retreats as shark pursues...



25—Octopus is tiring and death is near . . .



29—It ejects a stream of inky fluid . . .



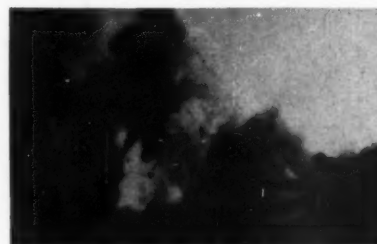
26—When it suddenly dives to the bottom . . .



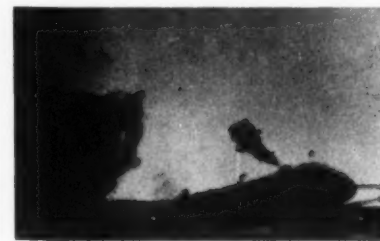
30—That rapidly blackens the water.



27—and flattens out on the sea floor . . .



31—As it spreads and spreads . . .

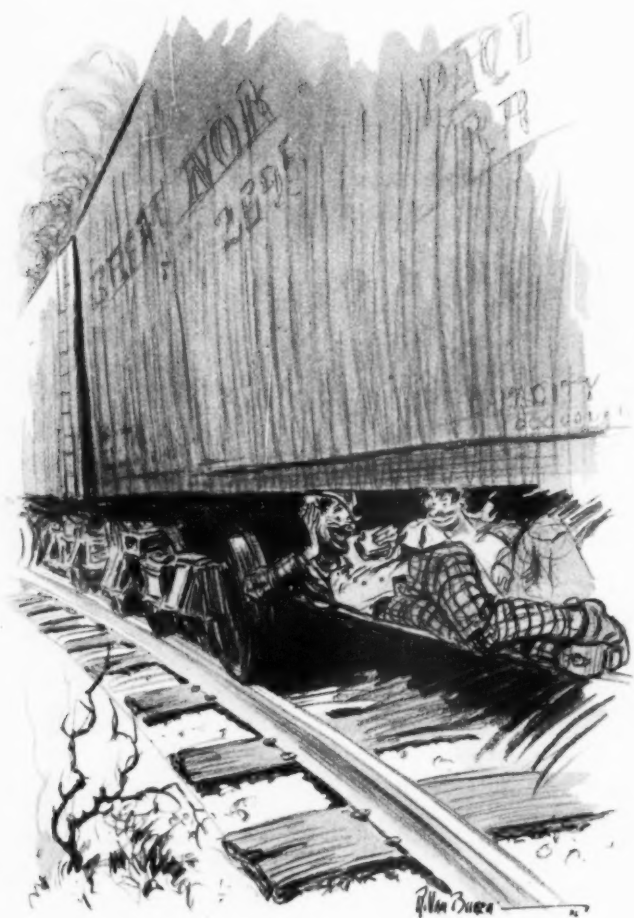


28—To fight strength with strategy . . .



32—The octopus silently slinks to safety.

—From Warner Bros.—Vitaphone
Short Subject "Beneath The Sea."



"Oh boy, this is the life—breakfast in bed!"



FRITZ WAGNER

LINZ, AUSTRIA

ON THE HIGHWAY

NOVEMBER, 1936



DENKSTEIN JENO

BUDAPEST

AUTUMN

CORONET



DON WALLACE

CHICAGO

THE HARVESTERS

NOVEMBER, 1936



"I'd like to get a flyswatter"



LLOYD R. KOENIG

WEBSTER GROVES, MO

HAPPY LANDING

NOVEMBER, 1936



J. TOMASKOVIC

CAMDEN, N. J.

FREIGHTER DECK

CORONET



W. R. MACASKELL

HALIFAX, N. S., CAN.

INTO THE NIGHT

NOVEMBER, 1936



DON WALLACE

CHICAGO

CALM

CORONET



DON WALLACE

CHICAGO

PAIN

NOVEMBER, 1936

THE T'ANG DYNASTY

THEIRS WAS THE VISION OF GLORY
AS EUROPE WAS BLIND WITH BLOOD



"Take a message," said the Empress, "to my husband in Hades." So the courtiers did, and died, noblesse obliging. One declined the errand. Why? Was he not intimate with the late Emperor? True, your majesty, but not so intimate as you. Therefore, precede me! . . . They were a gay people, cynical and sophisticated . . . This tale is typical: A beautiful lady in white (the sign of mourning) stood fanning a fresh-made grave. Passers-by were curious, but she wouldn't stop fanning to talk. A servant explained. At her husband's bedside she had wanted to swear to become a nun. He wouldn't let her swear it. Well, she would swear never to remarry. He wouldn't permit that, either. If she must swear, he suggested, let her swear not to marry before the sods on his grave were dry! . . . They thought much of death, knowing they'd be a long time dead. They filled their tombs with objects to serve and comfort the spirit in its long life beyond the body's death. They believed the spirit pervaded the burial place. So one of their thirstiest men about town asked to be buried beside a potter's kiln, on the sporting chance that his clay might sometime become a wine pot . . . Theirs was a

golden age of arts and letters. They were the people of the largest and strongest empire on earth. They had paper money and they printed from movable type. The sun of their civilization never shone brighter than in those centuries, the seventh to the tenth, which were Europe's darkest. They enjoyed life and they drank a lot. Their greatest poet, the immortal and almost legendary Li Po, called The Banished Angel, died drunk, trying to embrace the moon in the Yellow River . . . In an earlier and cruder period custom actually forced men's wives, concubines, servants and pets to be buried with them. By the time of the T'ang Dynasty it became customary to bury the image in place of the actuality, on the assumption that the spirit of the deceased needed only the spirit of his earthly possessions . . . The reverse of this theory is drily implied in the T'ang tale of the reward of a widow's devotion: Having sworn never to remarry, she worshipped her dead husband's statue so faithfully that it gave her, in pity and condolence for her drear companionless state, a child . . . They were clever, these Chinese of the time of T'ang.

—A. G.



COLL. L. M. BUCKINGHAM, ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO

PILLOW OF REST ETERNAL

A pottery pillow used during the T'ang Dynasty for burial with the dead. The body is of cream ware with incised decoration representing a floral spray on an elaborate foliate ground. The green and yellow glaze is well preserved, after many centuries in the tomb.

NOVEMBER, 1936



COLL. RUSSELL TYSON

OUT OF A T'ANG TOMB

With the body of a Chinese merchant prince who lived and died sometime between 618 and 906 A.D. (the dates of the T'ang Dynasty) this saddled horse of glazed pottery was buried to assure his master's spirit a worthy mount for all its travels beyond this life.

CORONET

YAKAHULA HICKYDULA

AFTER THIS, YOU'LL BELIEVE ALL
YOU'LL EVER HEAR ABOUT HAWAII



The Hawaiian language contains no word for weather. The Islands still have that same kind of climate . . . They say that the political candidate who hires the best troupe of hula-girls to entertain the voters at his meetings has a hands-down chance of winning . . . The best hula-dancer in the Islands has a name as Irish as Murphy . . . Honolulu has an even better claim than Los Angeles to being the most extensive municipality in the world. The inhabitants of Midway Island, 1500 miles out in the Pacific, vote in Honolulu elections. Official returns are not complete until the cable-boat gets back from its regular trip bringing Midway's votes...

Farthest north in the way of fools' names in public places has been reached by tourists who outline their initials with boulders on the floor of a small extinct crater in Kilauea National Park. From the rim, a couple of hundred feet above, it is painfully evident that J. K. M. has been there and sweated himself black in the face lugging boulders under a hot sun . . . A certain Honolulu hotel has corridors so long that, according to well substantiated rumor, an overly rich client once installed a Baby Austin and chauffeur to save

him the walk from elevator to room . . . The natives who peddle flower-necklaces—*leis*—along Kalakaua Avenue in Honolulu drive asthmatic station wagons and, between sales, play bridge under the street-lights . . .

Botanical Notes: There is said to be a standing offer of a \$100 prize—or maybe \$100 compensation for a bereaved family—to anybody hit on the head by a falling coconut in Honolulu. Nobody has yet collected. Hotels with coco-palms in their court yards amputate the palm blossoms every season just to make sure . . . There is a local legend that Robert Louis Stevenson got conked that way when he was living in the Islands . . . The sausage-tree, which has fruits exactly like moth-eaten salamis hung on strings, is one of the sights of Honolulu. University students, on whose campus grows the only female sausage-tree in the Islands, make an annual pilgrimage to the only male sausage-tree in the Islands and return bearing pollen with which they artificially fertilize the female's blossoms. Nobody ever blushes, not even the tree . . . The Islands have an extensive indigenous flora, but in all the places the tourist gets to, imported plants have pretty well crowded it

out. Practically any plant he lays eyes on came from Texas or Australia or South Africa. It's got so the right grass for building grass huts can scarcely be found anywhere near Honolulu . . . Flowers are a dime a hundredweight in the Islands. Wiring ten dollars worth of flowers to somebody in Honolulu means the order would have to be delivered in a truck . . .

Religious Notes: Every large plantation village has not only a Catholic chapel, a Protestant church, a Buddhist temple, but also a branch of the Y. M. B. A.—Young Men's Buddhist Association. No flies on Buddhists . . . The Mormons are very strong in the Islands. At Laie on Oahu there is a large Mormon community, composed partly of Samoan converts, and a gorgeous Mormon temple which looks like something strayed out of a California World's Fair.

Being sufficiently bribed, an ancient Hawaiian who lives near the crater of Kilauea will offer to produce eruptions to order by leaving a bottle of gin, supplied by the briber, on the edge of the crater. Next morning the gin is gone and the volcano may or may not be clearing its throat to start an eruption. Suspicious people toss the bottle right into the crater, to make sure that Madame Pele, the goddess of volcanoes and fire, receives delivery . . . Many Island whites take ancient Hawaiian superstitions fairly seriously. They hear old war drums and see ghost-warriors on the march. Last year one of the army flyers told off to bomb an eruption of Mauna Loa said he didn't like the assignment a bit—he didn't mind

flying over any volcano in the geography book, but dropping TNT on Madame Pele's chief stronghold would probably make her dangerous . . . When a couple of military planes collided in mid-air over Pearl Harbor last spring, killing several men, people said Madame Pele was taking her revenge . . . But the bombing worked pretty well in discouraging the eruption, according to the head of the government observation station, who thought up the idea . . . Back in the eighties, they had a different system. When a big lava flow came down the mountain, headed straight for Hilo, the inhabitants sent over to Honolulu for a genuine Hawaiian princess. On arrival she went and spoke severely to the lava flow and it stopped dead, only a couple of miles from the center of town—they show you the place . . . Some of the old Hawaiian witch doctors still do business in remote districts. Even scholarly archaeologists sometimes admit that maybe these ancient wizards do know a trick or two . . . Not so long ago prisoners were allowed to go home for the week-end from the Honolulu calaboose . . . There are no advertising sign boards on any Hawaiian roads. Clubwomen banding together to boycott offending advertisers take care of that . . . The Porto Ricans are the champion bad actors of the Islands, according to the police . . .

Sporting Notes: Filipinos working as cane cutters on the sugar plantations in the Islands are keen on boxing. But no Filipino will ever get in the ring with another Filipino. It seems to be patriotism, not mistrust . . .

When two Filipinos mix it up privately, they use their cane knives—modified meat axes with a sharpened spine at the far end of the cutting edge—one of the dirtiest looking weapons in the world. The results are equally dirty . . . Plantation football teams, usually full of Filipinos and a few Hawaiians, often prefer to kick the ball barefoot. An Island eleven getting mad sheds not its helmets but its shoes . . . Between public taste and police prejudice on the subject, all Honolulu prostitutes must be white. They are all imported from the mainland and usually return home in a few months very well heeled. Most plantations provide free quarters for girls touring the outlying islands with the right credentials . . . A Honolulu tug, named for a Hawaiian princess is called the Liki-iki. In Hawaiian "i" is pronounced "ee" . . . Since there are ten Filipino men in the Islands for one Filipino woman, Filipino cane cutters on outlying plantations occasionally follow the example of the ancient Romans and raid neighboring plantation villages for girls . . .

Mortuary Notes: When a Japanese or Filipino dies and is buried in the Islands, his family have the burial party photographed with the coffin open and stood on end in the middle to display the corpse. The photograph is then sent home to convince the old folks that everything was done properly . . . Salvation Army bands often play at large Chinese pagan funerals . . . Every year, just before the mangoes are due to ripen, Hawaiian undertakers lay in a large supply of child-size coffins. Nothing has yet

been discovered to keep the Island child from eating mangoes that are just fatally under-ripe . . . It is just as difficult to keep the Filipinos from cooking and eating the giant toads which, having been imported some years ago to eat the Japanese beetle, now fill every pond in the Islands. Not even a Filipino can eat a poisonous toad the size of a big grape-fruit and survive . . .

Musical Notes: The name "ukelele" means "jumping flea" in Hawaiian and is supposed to be the native's description of the way the hand moves in fingering the keyboard. The instrument itself was invented by Portuguese immigrants to the Islands in the last century. Besides his own voice, the only non-percussive instrument known to the primitive Hawaiian was a kind of a flute . . . The steel guitar was the invention of a kid in the Kamehameha school in Honolulu. Before a special gadget was invented to rub on the guitar strings, he had used a steel comb and a tenpenny nail . . . The jackasses which infest the narrow roads in the Kona district on the big island of Hawaii are known as Kona nightingales . . . The mynah bird, an importation from India and now as common in the Islands as the English sparrow was in the horse and buggy age, can imitate a dog fight to perfection all by himself . . . And often does right under your window very early in the morning . . . The author of the lyric of *I wanna get back to my little grass shack in Kealakekua, Hawaii* grew so sick of hearing it that he wrote a parody of it to the effect that, when he did get back, he found the old

fisherman out on the reef living on canned salmon and government relief . . . The Hawaiian national drink is called oke—short for okolehao, which means “iron bottom.” Post-repeal oke, made of rice and sugar, is not recommended by residents—never, they say, drink any oke you can buy. The real stuff was made before repeal by moonshiners back in the hills out of the roots of the ti plant. The ti leaves are the raw material of the notorious Hawaiian grass skirt, and are also cooked for greens. A useful plant . . . Instead of playing golf on Sunday morning, the real kamaaina—meaning old-timer—stays home and coddles his kegs of pre-repeal oke. His technique will vary—sometimes he attaches the keg to the treadle of an old-fashioned sewing machine. Or he tries a rope between the keg and a palm tree and, as the tree sways in the breeze, the oke is gently and subtly jostled. Or he ships it round the Islands on a small boat . . . The results, properly aged and jostled, taste like the best possible bourbon, only a little drier. And stronger . . .

Military Note: They won't let an airplane fly anywhere near Diamond Head, the Gibraltar of the Pacific, unless all passengers pass their cameras up to the pilot . . . The narrow gauge railroads straggling through the sugar plantations on Oahu are designed as an integrated system to carry supplies in time of war . . . A private individual owns a five mile stretch of track which is a vital link in the system—one of the shortest railroads in the world. The proprietor used to send annual passes to all the

big mainland railroads and get passes on them in return. He liked to spend his vacations travelling free from coast to coast . . .

For spearing fish the modern Hawaiian uses a cross between a cross-bow and blow-gun made out of a length of pipe and a piece of old inner tube . . . A Hawaiian school teacher who had just been lecturing her class on originality and told them to paint an original picture was distressed to find that all pupils without exception drew pictures of Diamond Head and Waikiki Beach with a row of palm trees and ALOHA written underneath, just like the post cards . . . The fanciest house Honolulu ever saw, all gingerbread and curlicues, was built by a Hawaiian princess. After she lived in it for a little while she moved into another house just across the street. When they asked her why, she said when she lived in it she was the only person in Honolulu who couldn't see it . . .

The Islands are full of rats which thrive on a diet of young sugar cane and pineapple buds. The plantations imported the Indian mongoose to kill the rats, but the mongoose does business by daylight and the rats do theirs at night. The sole consequence was that the mongoose is in a fair way to exterminate the native birds . . . Oriental girls, the customary Island house maids, much prefer Occidental clothes and Occidental names. But a Japanese girl with a job in a white household is obliged to be exotic and wear kimono, obi and slippers on the job. Her name is apt to be Gladys, but the missus insists on calling her the Japanese for

apple blossom . . . The Oriental and half-Oriental girls in the Islands are far prettier than any of the Hawaiians. *Theory to account for the Polynesian reputation for female beauty:* That legend was started by sailors returned from South Sea voyages. What kind of a judge of beauty is a sailor who hasn't laid eyes on a lady for months during a voyage round the Horn and half-way across the Pacific? . . .

Island residents are extremely carefree about volcanic eruptions. When Kilauea became active a few years ago, all the tourists on the spot rushed for Hilo and safety. They were delayed on the road by meeting mobs of people from Hilo rushing to the volcano to see the fun . . .

Gustatory Notes: The Hawaiians kept dogs not only for pets but also as potential *pieces de resistance* for luaus—native feasts. That is why a mongrel dog in the Islands is known as poi dog—the same kind of derivation as the Chinese chow dog. Since tourist agencies took over the

luau business, there's a new policy of no dogs allowed . . . Poi, the traditional Hawaiian mush, made out of taro, eaten with the fingers, looking like cooked up wallboard and tasting like sour oatmeal, is getting popular on the mainland as baby food. It's very good for the babies and they can't say what they think of the flavor . . . In Honolulu they have real Japanese tea houses with paper walls and geisha girls to play games with you and house rules about shedding your shoes and sitting on the floor. But for all that you can get better sukiyaki in New York City . . .

There are only six consonants in the Hawaiian language. That is why all fish- and place-names sound alike . . . The Hawaiians actually sing the songs written by band leaders about the Islands. Such is primal innocence . . . When a resident of Honolulu says it was down to five below last night, he means it was 65° F.—five below seventy.

—J. C. FURNAS

Mr. Furnas is the author of 'And Sudden Death', the most widely-discussed pamphlet since Elbert Hubbard's 'Message To Garcia'. His articles appear in many magazines.

WONDERFUL FOR RUSSIANS

Rich Aunt Anna has just returned from Moscow.
She learned about Communism from the hotel window.
She is terribly enthusiastic!
She would not care for it in this country.
For the Russians it was wonderful!

—O. S. M.



NOVEMBER, 1936

BOY, SHOW A ROOM

BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE, SOME
PLACE HAS TO BECOME HOME



In the late summer and fall more people came to look for rooms at Elmore Hall than at any other time of year, and most of them came on Saturday afternoon and Sunday. George Merkle, the manager, kept pretty close to the lobby during the brisk renting season, on hand to point out the advantages of the hotel to prospective guests. If he were in his office across from the desk when a prospect came in, the clerk would give the high sign to the phone girl, and she would ring the manager's office and say, "Show a room." Then George would come bounding out of his office, his face set in a smile of welcome, with a quick, deep bow for a lady and a protracted handshake for a gentleman.

"Gennelman to see the rooms?" he would ask unnecessarily. "Pleasetamee. George Merkle's mine," and after he had learned the name of the visitor, he would use it every time he addressed him.

"We'll just step this way, if you don't mind, Mr. Smith. This is our lounge in here. Here you have your social activities—bridge parties on Tuesdays, social gatherings on Thursdays, and dances every other Saturday all through the winter. And

you'll find a nice crowd of people in here, Mr. Smith—we try to restrict our guests to a pretty nice type of folks, you'll find."

After the lounge, a prospect was shown the pool and gymnasium in the basement, and then he was whisked to the roof-garden, in an elevator that stopped for no other passengers on the way. The tour of the roof-garden was a gamble—there was always the chance that it would be littered with newspapers, or guests might be squabbling over deck chairs, or the loud-speaker connected with the radio downstairs might be making distressing noises, for it didn't work at all well. George kept after the bellhop on duty to keep the roof-garden in order, but he had to admit that it wasn't really a one-man job—them people could make a place look like *hell* in ten minutes flat. After the roof-garden came the rooms—several were shown of the general type in which the prospective tenant had manifested interest. George exhibited the rooms last because they were perhaps the least prepossessing feature of the hotel; he liked to have plenty of time beforehand to stress the point that you didn't really *live* in your room; you spent your leisure

hours in the lounge or gym or on the roof, and when it came to sleeping—well, after all, the rooms were neat and clean, the beds comfortable, and the conveniences adequate. That wasn't just the way he put it, but he managed, usually, to get a person in a frame of mind where the room would seem of minor importance by the time he got to it. Not that you could get anything better for six dollars a week and up, but there were unimaginative people who were shocked by the smallness or the standardization of the rooms.

Of course there were times when George was too busy to take care of all comers, and then one of the clerks would help out. Vince Callaghan was good at showing rooms; perhaps he was a shade too happy-go-lucky, but his genuine cheerfulness didn't do any harm. It was preferable to Meigs' dull, serious, slow-motion method; and Karns was apt to be a little supercilious, and Slobodin was altogether too casual and unconcerned.

There were times, too, when Merkle was out of the hotel, and then, frequently, one of the clerks on duty would assign the showing of rooms to the bellhop. If Vic were on, he would conduct the tour in a thoroughly impersonal, though adequate, manner. Ray, though, who was just terminating his year at the Elmore, had a rankling contempt for the place that he didn't mind conveying to a person in search of a room.

Ray's sabotaging activities were epitomized in the tour he made one August afternoon with a Miss Chapin. With some people he had to content

himself with deprecating shrugs and a few words in mild disparagement of the place, but Miss Chapin fell right in with his mood. Vince Callaghan liked to take attractive young women around himself, but on this afternoon Vince was alone at the desk, and so he handed Ray the pass-key and a list of rooms to be shown. Ray saw right away that Miss Chapin had a sense of humor. He twirled the pass-key, on its large metal hoop, around on his finger, and then nonchalantly flipped the hoop over his head.

"I guess you might as well see the lounge," Ray said, leading the way. "Some people seem to see something in it."

Miss Chapin looked a little taken aback, but then she smiled and said, "I might as well. I haven't anything better to do."

And when Ray asked Miss Chapin if she would mind riding in the freight elevator, she said it would be an honor, and they descended in it to the basement.

"This is the pool," Ray pointed out. "It's not really a hospital, even if it smells like one. That's sheepdip they put in the water."

"Charming," Miss Chapin said.

Ray took Miss Chapin to the roof in the freight elevator, and he was glad to see that the garden was jammed and noisy, like a miniature Coney Island on a hot Sunday. In the foreground, Charlie Gratz was asleep on a deck chair, his shirt unbuttoned and a straw hat pushed forward over his eyes.

"We have the best soot in the city up here," Ray said. "It's that soft

black kind—you know? Nothing like a nice soot bath to make you feel fit."

"It's good for the complexion, too," Miss Chapin elaborated.

Ray said there was nothing to see now but the rooms, and on the way Miss Chapin asked if he got a commission on any rooms he was instrumental in renting—he seemed so anxious to have her like the hotel.

"Oh, I just do it for the love of the work, that's all. I'd hate to think of anybody going away from here and getting a room they could turn around in. That wouldn't be right."

First he showed her one with a "semi private" bath, which was shared with the occupant of the adjacent room.

"The advantage of this," he said, "is that you only share your bath with one total stranger, instead of a couple of dozen. I think the manager is thinking of putting in semi-private toothbrushes, too."

"I don't see how I could take it without that," Miss Chapin laughed. "What else is the matter with the room?"

"Well, this one here has a nice view across the air-shaft." It wasn't really an air-shaft, but an indentation in the H-shaped plan of the hotel. "You can have fun shooting paper-clips across at anybody you don't like. You've got all the privacy of a goldfish here."

Ray and Miss Chapin proceeded lackadaisically to the other sample rooms that Callaghan had listed, and throughout the tour the bellhop lavished his cynical comments on her. He explained that the back of the hotel was favored by some because,

on a warm day, a refreshing odor arose from the stables in the next block. He told her about the arrangement of separate floors for men and women, and how a man could obtain a pass to visit her during prescribed hours—but, he went on, passes were only issued to respectably aged gentlemen of the sort she couldn't possibly want to see.

After all Ray's slighting comments on the hotel, and Miss Chapin's apparent endorsement of his sentiments, he was very much surprised when, upon their return to the lobby, Miss Chapin signed up for a room with a private bath, paid for a month in advance, and told Callaghan she would move in the following morning.

"My, you have *such* nice bellhops here," Miss Chapin said to the clerk in a mock whisper. "Are they all as enthusiastic about their work as this young man?"

"Oh, yes," Callaghan said, raising his eyebrows and casting an appraising eye on Ray, "they're a fine crew. We raise them all ourselves, you see."

For a minute Ray had been afraid that Miss Chapin was going to give him away, but she didn't, and on leaving she tipped him a quarter for showing her around. Nor did she betray him after she came to live at Elmore Hall.

Whenever Ray saw her in the lobby, she gave him a very knowing, sympathetic smile. It was a smile that seemed to say that they both knew the hotel was a pretty dismal proposition—but where else could you go?

—CARLTON BROWN



COLL. MR. AND MRS. POTTER PALMER

VANITY MORE THAN MORTAL

Probably from the tomb of a famous beauty of the T'ang Dynasty is this glazed pottery figure with a mirror in one hand and about to apply a cosmetic with the forefinger of the other, presumably in token that death may not dim the deceased one's bright beauty.

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COLL. MARTIN C. SCHWAB

. . . AND DEATHLESS DIGNITY

Immortally robed, in her yellow-skirted gown, by the time-defying glaze of an unknown potter, this proud tiny figure was buried, perhaps a dozen centuries ago, as a handmaiden to serve after death to some otherwise unremembered dignitary of the T'ang Dynasty.

CORONET

NOTES ON BEING A BOSS

THE BOSS POLITICIAN HAS HIS OWN
VERSION OF THE CYNIC'S DICTIONARY



1. Politics is the high ceramic art of moulding scum to your own desires. The average voter won't like that definition, but who cares what the average voter likes. I don't, and that's why I'm the Boss. Were I to take notice of every little thing the voters want . . . and try to supply the demand . . . I would cease to be the Boss.

My business is to mould voters into whatever plasticity pleases me at the moment.

* * *

2. Newspapers and reformers will enjoy insulting you. The remarks tossed your way are the same hurled at a baseball umpire . . . without any change in the results

I don't worry about others' opinions. I can only live one life and that's my own. And while I'm only ONE . . . I'm stronger than the many . . . because I am ONE . . . all the time.

I earn my quota of derogations. The names they call me would horrify anyone else. But I am comforted that no one remembers yesterday's headlines, and, paradoxical as it may seem, every one of my critics actually chastens me.

* * *

3. I never teach men faster than they

can learn. It would be fatal. The public dislikes novelty because the public fears it. I never disturb the monotony of anyone's life. And because the people have a natural tendency to shrink from responsibility, I let my voters slumber on in perfect complacency that "this is the best of all possible worlds." Let reflex action guide his every movement. Let him worship where he wants; let him cherish the eternal verities . . . that mother is your best friend after all . . . that honesty is his best policy.

As long as the voter takes his hat off to the flag, votes the straight Republicrat ticket, and puts on a hood to fight the Communists, there will be no menace to my established order of things. And he will continue to let the copywriters and the slogan-creators make him kiddie-car conscious, put carnations in his lapel on Mother's Day, and make him a saxophone player with a dreaded aversion to halitosis.

My voter is a slave to tradition, custom, and authority. He wants to obey, not to reason. That's why I, the Boss, am so useful, necessary and providential. I am the "middle-man" in his approach to the perplexities of Life.

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4. The perfect state of Bossism is where individualism is destroyed and everything is made monotonous and conformative. Louis XIV had such an outfit. But he made the mistake of relying upon the permanence of human nature rather than the whims of its development. Louis thought human nature would never undergo amendment. It does . . . and that little mistake brought on the French Revolution.

Progress is therefore a damned nuisance. Let's have none of it. Whenever anyone sticks up the head of Originality, I smack him down to the level of Conformity.

In the far Southwest the cattle barons knock the horns off the animals. For a hornless steer comes to the slaughter pen more quietly and with less a threat to those handling the animals.

In my vegetable patch I allow no corn to raise its stalks above any of my squash. The corn and the squash are the same height.

Likewise, I detest Inspiration. It offers too many encroachments on my placidity. It tends to produce either lunacy or revelation. I cannot stand either.

* * *

5. If you gaze into History (or read Jim Tully) you will know that the crimes committed by the wicked cannot equal in ferocity the punishments inflicted by the righteous. That is why you should always control the Police Department. If you don't, you won't be Boss long.

Fact is, I would have no power if I did not enlist the services of moral law. I have quieted many an upris-

ing . . . I have quelled many a disturbance . . . by the simple statement that everything I was doing was sanctified and ennobled by the Deity . . . and that my political organization rested on just this one foundation . . . the maintenance of God's administration of the Universe.

Sometimes the moral law argument fails. But I am prepared. Those are my Police and State Troopers you see standing there.

* * *

6. In 1803 Livingston and Monroe bought Louisiana for \$15,000,000. Napoleon sold and delivered this property . . . which he did not own . . . nor was he in possession of it . . . and in which he was pledged NOT to sell . . . and which the French Constitution forbade him to dispose of.

Livingston and Monroe spent millions of public money which they had no authority to spend . . . and they bought land which they had no right to buy.

I keep this historical fact framed in my office. It saves valuable hours that would be otherwise lost in explaining some of my deals.

The President is welcome to this suggestion.

* * *

7. No form of government suits everyone. There will always be crusaders, soap-boxers, reformers, and revolutionists.

The search for decency in government is a vague and visionary will-o'-the-wisp. But the crusader and the reformer do not mind chasing it . . . provided . . . the hunt doesn't interfere with their bridge or golf, and if

the publicity will hold out. You handle the soap-boxer and the revolutionist differently than the crusader and the reformer.

Only when your reformer has money and stick-to-it-iveness should you be concerned. Reform movements and crusades are based on the weakest of materials . . . idealism. They depend on publicity rather than organization. Independents are intoxicated by their own importance . . . in love with the sound of their own voices . . . betrothed to borrowed thoughts. Everyone wants to be a general. And because you cannot lead an army with a choral society, the reform movement withers and dies.

When these "best minds of the community" come in with stuffed portfolios and bulging brief-cases, listen politely to their array of the facts. They will tell you what's wrong with everything. But their solutions are ethereal and nebulous.

To me they are a lot of eunuchs. They know how to do it . . . but they can't.

* * *

8. The soap-boxers and revolutionists require special treatment. While I do not like revolutions, I cannot deny them. There will always arise, from time to time, someone who is foolish enough to think of others before himself.

I like to ride along with a revolution until the energy directing it has spent itself. I'm like the straggler during the French Revolution who was accosted by a friend. "What are you doing in the rear of this marching mob? I thought you were the

leader." The straggler replied, "I am the leader . . . that's why I am following them."

I follow them, too, and when the revolution is ended, I know that there are always the gallows and the guillotine.

* * *

9. It is not wholly true that Politics makes strange bed-fellows. You may meet your rival Boss in conclave. You two may divide the swag. But sleep with each other? No! For either one of you would dress hurriedly and depart with all the loot.

* * *

10. The Boss of the other Party joins me in a continuous conspiracy to deprive the voter of that nobility of birthright . . . a free, untrammelled mind.

From the moment the Voter is born, he is entirely out of step with liberty. When he is born we give the parents a gold baby cup to commemorate the event. We place the boy in our park system and develop his body. We watch him through high school and college. The moment he reaches the voting age we cast dice for his eternal suffrage. From then on his political destiny runs on grooved tracks.

This love of liberty is good Fourth Reader stuff. That's all.

If the voter loved Liberty so much, why is it he is always ready to surrender it? Why is the voter always in hock to some Boss who has lost the pawn ticket? Political slavery is not the result of bad blood, as our Behaviorists would have it. Nor is it a question of inferior mentality. It is mainly due to environment. Let me

place fifty free men among fifty serfs and in a short time I will show you one hundred slaves.

* * *

11. Never quarrel violently with the opposition Boss. You have everything in common. Tomorrow he may have the Governor . . . the next day you may have the Governor.

If you have any fights, they should be against the common enemy . . . the brave soul who invades the Primary race. If you have a Primary fight, call for reinforcements from your rival Boss. He'll understand your predicament. It might happen to him some day and he will want you to reciprocate.

* * *

12. I think the best training for any Boss is to matriculate in a saloon or a bank.

As a banker you would learn how to say "No" . . . and as a bartender you would learn how to say nothing.

* * *

13. The people have short memories. So keep a calendar before you. Make a record of your aberrations from righteousness, that such derelictions come not too near election time. There are two days in the year when you must be honest. They are the two days preceding Election Day.

* * *

14. Party regularity, under all circumstances, is my yardstick measuring loyalty. Because Party regularity is of the spine and not the heart and brain. The banker votes my ticket because State monies are deposited in his bank. Those on my "padded payroll" know it is a bread and butter proposition. The family doctor is the

medical inspector in the schools, and your favorite clergyman is the salaried prison chaplain. The lawyer knows that my bailiffs can tamper any jury after I have picked it; the business man knows the power of my boycott. So all of them swim with the tide rather than against it.

Party regularity is thus cloaked with sentimental references to the political rigidity of glorified ancestors. But it is really the small man's conception of ethics.

To those who do not like this strict adherence to regimentation . . . to those who tell me I should take down the American eagle and substitute the parrot, I say "Blah." Am I not making some concession in the parrot? Doesn't the parrot at least have a voice?

* * *

15. Keep in right with the newspapers. A journalist is more important to the attainment of victory than any of your generals. But do not exaggerate a newspaper's importance. You can win with them against you, but it will cost you a lot of money.

Let them overcharge you for political "ads." Give their delivery trucks the same right-of-way that a mail car has. Put the Editor on the school board and his wife on the library board.

That the pen is mightier than the sword is quite true. But it is also a fact that the purse is mightier than both of them.

* * *

16. All corruption is bi-partisan. There are just as many crooks in the other Party as there are in yours. And



"Before I begin, lady—whatcha got fer dessert?"

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to your advantage, the voter realizes it.

* * *

17. Political organizations cannot exist unless there is a complete submission of wills. It is no easy task to get some men to park their character in your custody. For loyalty to you means a surrendering of personality . . . and most of the profits.

Loyalty will always be a rarity because men express themselves better by betrayal.

* * *

18. Machiavelli has the right slant. You cannot rule your domain with a Pater Noster. You are only a success when you inflict pain. Your people expect to suffer. They acolytize it by eyes raised Heavenward. If you don't make them suffer, they will throw you out and put in someone who will drive them. The history of every tyranny is that it has been followed by a worse one.

* * *

19. I keep fetters continually dangling before the people. Fetters, though made of gold, are fetters just the same. They restrain the impetuous, curb the daring, and terrify the weaklings. For people usually do not lack strength . . . they lack will and direction.

A strict ordinance has whipped many recalcitrant business men into line. My corps of legal assistants always has an assortment of ordinances on hand. I have precedent to go by. When the government is most corrupt, the laws are most abundant.

* * *

20. The men you elect to office determine your permanency at the throne.

The perfect type is the one who is never discordant, never argues, never disputes, never proves anything, and really never thinks of anything requiring proof.

The best type of candidate is the one who has a face like a prelate and a conscience that is plastic.

* * *

21. When I deal with an obstinate person I use the old rule for driving pigs. If you want a pig to go forward, pull him back by the tail.

Goat-herders, too, have taught me something. They tie goats in pairs, because one goat will never go where the other wants to go. The result is that they stay around where you want them. Frequently I have tied two men together . . . set one to watch the other . . . and when two men are kept busy watching each other, they really have no time to rob your cash register.

Buridan, the Greek Sophist, maintained that if you placed two bundles of hay at two equally distant points from a donkey . . . the donkey would starve to death. For there would be no valid reason to this dumb mind why he should approach one bale of hay rather than the other.

Indecision on the part of my voters has helped me on many occasions.

* * *

22. Flattery is soothing syrup for mug-wumps . . . those voters who switch Party allegiance capriciously.

I am nice to these salamanders because I never know just where they will be. And knowing where all your people are . . . at any given moment . . . is the essence of military and political maneuvering.

23. If there are orators in opposition to you, do not fear them. As long as a wind-bag can get his share of Flag Day addresses or Fourth of July orations, you can keep him out of mischief.

Orators in Politics are to be heard and never seen. If they insist on being unruly, send them to Congress where they can spout and sputter . . . and there, surrounded by fellow mediocrities, a pleasant time will be had by all.

Remember, too, that wind-bags can always be bought by gold-bags.

* * *

24. Crowds have no sense of responsibility. I can get a meeting of one thousand voters to do what I wouldn't dare ask two or three.

I have herded seventy-four legislators into a room, and have made them pass a law that could not stand close scrutiny. The only argument I used was that each was only one-seventy-fourth guilty.

* * *

25. I look upon everything in the light of finance. Any one who contributes to my campaign expenses always maintains his franchise. When I corner all the gold in the world, that will be the first moment I will be safe from opposition. Does money mean everything in Politics? Certainly. The Hackenburg observation is quite true. Carry your pork chops in a paper bag and all the mutts will follow you down the street. I only worry about an election when the opposition has more money in the districts than I have. Will the voter do anything for money? Certainly. A trained seal always performs if you

throw him a fish, and what elephant yet has refused a peanut?

* * *

26. I believe in watching home-plate. That's where the runs are scored. I like to think of Aristotle who had scouts in the outer world reporting all that was eventful. But his system of running things was based on conditions within Greece. Napoleon made a mistake in spending too much time in foreign fields. If he had watched home-plate he could have built a formidable organization and stifled the rising cry for a return to the old monarchical system.

* * *

27. I maintain my power because mankind has an irresistible tendency toward optimism. The voters believe that all the unpleasanties of life (including the cuffing-around I give them) . . . all the imperfections of human society . . . are really to be expected. I don't have to come to terms with the voters on this. Their optimism takes care of that. Mankind wants happiness, not issues . . . peace, not turbulency.

* * *

28. Every little voter during campaign times is as important as a king. He must be humored, recognized, acknowledged. Give him something to do, even if its only pasting bills on the fences. Make him believe he is indispensable. During the duration of the campaign is the only time his inferiority is exalted. Let him be happy, even if its only for a few weeks.

It's funny, but they'll ring doorbells for me . . . button-hole prospective voters . . . hand out literature

. . . all this without compensation. If I asked them to use the same amount of energy in painting my house or mowing my lawn, they would howl for wages. In Politics, they love to serve. It makes them feel as if they really had a stake in government.

* * *

29. When important decisions are demanded by crusading newspapers, outraged citizens, or apoplectic opponents, there is no more effective silencer than going away on a fishing trip. For the agonized bleating of the irascibles will dissipate in three or four days, and in the meantime,

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A FURTHER FOOTNOTE

Supplementing my story in this issue, *Life Can Be Bought*, statistics show that five per cent of all children, bitten in the face, succumb to rabies. But, even in spite of the delay caused by this strange shoving round of Grandma and Brother, after all, the shots were only begun one day late, they were begun only three days after the accident. Hadn't children been guarded, even though face-bitten, even though the delay between the bite and the beginning of the shots was even longer? Yes. That must be admitted. But, on the other hand, during those fateful second and third days after Brother had been bitten, when those subvisible rabies assassins were fighting for a foothold in Brother's body, what doctor, what scientist dares to say that these microbes weren't helped by this delay? Who

you are getting hourly bulletins from your henchmen.

* * *

30. I believe in keeping the mob amused. Caesar was the first Boss to recognize this. Jimmy Walker used the same device with his Beer Parade in 1932.

If you stage athletic contests, bowling and golf tournaments, you satisfy the desires of the populace . . . the mob wants to be entertained, not enlightened.

And although I do not pay for the medals, I always pin them on the chests of the winners.

—FRANCIS LEO GOLDEN

dares assert that this jerking around of Brother, this tiredness, this going without food and rest of that little boy, still frightened, nervous from the mad dog's assault, who dares to say that these insults did any good to the natural resistance of this baby's body? . . . When it is known that all the best vaccine can do is to heighten the natural resistance already there?

In short, to sum it up, in those fateful days, did Anthony Scharf, Jr., have the best chance for life? Did he have the tender care, the rest, the good food, the soothing of his awful terror, the very earliest, promptest Pasteur treatment, that would have been enjoyed by a little grandson or granddaughter of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, or Mr. Henry Ford or Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt?

—PAUL DE KRUIF



COLL. L. M. BUCKINGHAM, ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO

HEAVENLY BEING, APSARIS

This jeweled polychrome wood figure, twenty-one inches high, dates from the Sung Dynasty (960—1279 A.D.) and probably formed one of a group of sculptures in a temple. The color camera is almost completely baffled by the extreme delicacy of its vestigial coloring.

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COLL. RUSSELL TYSON

AFTER TEN CENTURIES ASLEEP . . .

That the dead may never lack for entertainment, little pottery figures of girl musicians were placed beside the bodies in tombs of the time of T'ang. Forever about to beat the cymbals, her partner forever about to twang the four stringed lute, they banish boredom.

CORONET



COLL. RUSSELL TYSON

... IN THE COOL TOMBS OF CHINA

Somewhere between the seventh and tenth centuries these figures were made for burial. The cream pottery was painted red and white but unglazed (red glaze was not used in the T'ang period), so that today only traces of the original coloring may be seen.

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COLL. MR. AND MRS. POTTER PALMER

DANCER OF SIX DYNASTIES

Remarkable for the preservation of its unglazed paint, although several centuries older than those shown on the two pages preceding, is this pottery burial figure from the time of the Six Dynasties (265—589 A.D.). The hands are covered by the waving scarf.

CORONET

MUSSOLINI, DUELIST

WHAT PRICE ITALY IF A SWORDSMAN
HAD THRUST INSTEAD OF PARRIED?



In the autumn of 1914, when the tremendous tide of Von Moltke's troops lay checked in the plains of France, and when the press of the world was violently denouncing the turpitude of the Germans in invaded Belgium, Germany issued an invitation to the journalists of the neutral countries, requesting that they make as detailed an investigation as they liked in her front lines. In doing this, Germany hoped not only to prove the falsity of many accusations of brutality, but also to convey to the Allies an impression of the formidableness of her war machinery. Among the ten journalists who responded from Italy was my friend and companion on several African jaunts, Doctor Licurgo Tioli. We should probably have been colleagues on this mission had I been in Italy at the time, but I lay bedridden in a hospital in Peru. My trip around the world had been interrupted by the declaration of war, and I was forced to put ashore in South America, where I was taken with "dengue" fever while in the Tarapacà desert.

After more than a month of observing, the journalists returned to Italy and flooded the country with articles which they believed to be

written without partiality or prejudice—an opinion which the general public failed to share with them. As a result, the correspondents were charged with having received bribes to uphold the cause of Germany, by the *Interventisti*—that portion of the press in favor of the war. In order to defend his honour and that of his colleagues, my friend Tioli brought suit against the *Secolo*, Milan's leading democratic newspaper.

It will be remembered that at this time Italy was in a critical condition. She was sitting on a keg of powder which threatened to explode at any moment; there was stress from one side by France and England, and friction from the other by Austria and Germany. There was internal commotion caused by her own political difficulties; the old organizations were disintegrating, and in their places were arising everywhere new factions, each taking a title ending in *isti*, as for example, *Interventisti*, *Par-recchisti* and *Astensionisti*.

When Tioli's suit against the *Secolo* took place in 1915 in the Tribunal of Milan, it created an atmosphere so surcharged with electricity that it permeated the entire Kingdom. Immediately two distinct and antagonis-

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tic factions arose, and each used freely all the arms of verbal combat: polemics, disputes and insults. And at times the controversy lost its purely verbal aspect and gave way to actual physical encounter.

Because of my fraternal friendship for Tioli, I stopped in Milan when I finally returned to Italy and watched the progress of the case with much anxiety. I attended all the hearings, and enjoyed watching the intricacies of the law unfold. I revelled in the passionate excitement that was in evidence everywhere, for in that historic hour opinions were clashing at fever heat in the court room, in the lobbies, on the streets, and in the news rooms of all the journals. To me it seemed that there was but one spot in all the world where peace reigned: that was in the *Savini* restaurant in the *Galleria Vittorio Emanuele*, where the erstwhile bitter enemies became delightfully subdued as they sat face to face, between them a plate of the traditional *risotto*.

One afternoon, in the midst of the fury, my friend Tioli rushed up to me and said: "We have chosen you to act as second to our lawyer, Merlino, in a duel!"

"But . . . without . . .?"

"Yes. Without asking your permission. You dare not refuse. You must go tonight with Cortini to defy Benito Mussolini, editor of the *Popolo*."

It promised to be a difficult and trying situation. I did not quite know how to view my new appointment. I knew nothing of the trouble between Merlino and Mussolini. True, I had heard a noisy discussion between the two men in the tribunal of the

Palazo Beccaria, but I had paid little attention to it, for in time of war, corridor quarrels are of minor importance. But, had I investigated, I should have heard Merlino—one of Tioli's lawyers, an aristocrat with anarchic tendencies, but withal an honorable man—tell the young editor of *Il Popolo d'Italia* that he was a man of "little courage;" I should have seen Mussolini reply with some smarting slaps; and perhaps I should have helped to keep them apart as Merlino tried to free himself to return the blows.

I knew Mussolini at that time as a journalist, but as was the case with most people, I was much better acquainted with the name than with the man. However, I had met and spoken with him on several occasions over the table at a much frequented café, and at the "Lombard Associations of Journalists." Then he had often shown the claws of the lion, but the statesman was yet undeveloped. I was attracted to him by his square, strong, positive articles in favor of the war, and by the fact that he changed his political ideas concerning our intervention in the war, which demonstrated to me that he had a keen intellect; that, rather than being merely an opportunist, he was a person of deep, reflective nature. I recognized in him those genial and aggressive characteristics which were so prevalent in the pioneers of our Far West.

In spite of this admiration for Mussolini, and in spite of the fact that I agreed politically with him, and had no reason for animosity, I suddenly found myself opposing him.

second to one of the most renowned anarchists in Italy—and without the right of assent or appeal, ratified by the Code of Honor.

That evening we met the challenged editor in the small, busy room which was Mussolini's office.

I remember distinctly that narrow, cobblestoned lane of old Milan in which the offices of the newspaper *Il Popolo d'Italia* were located. They were in an old residence, a relic of the Austrian period, which stood in the middle of the block, pressed tightly on either side by other houses. Inside it was damp with clinging drops of water which had seeped in from the Milanese fogs. There was a dreary, silent corridor; then bank upon bank of marble steps, lighted only by an infrequent, unmantled gas burner. On the upper floor was an unfurnished, unornamented news room, in which there stood a group of pugnacious Musketeers of the "intervention." At the far end was the private room of the Editor-in-Chief of *Il Popolo*—one could scarcely call it an "office" and not abuse the word. It was a poor, barren place, fairly upholstered with papers of every description, and the dusty air was laden with the tell-tale odor of printer's ink.

We entered the news room, closely followed by suspicious eyes. The atmosphere upon our entrance confirmed what we had heard whispered outside, that the editorial offices of *Il Popolo d'Italia* were a fortress within the crumbling walls of an old building; a fortress in which restless vigilance was the order, especially in those tumultuous days when the

Camera del Lavoro (the Socialistic Chamber of Work) and the socialistic newspaper *Avanti* awaited only the signal to hurl the masses of proletarians against those bloodthirsty men, those journalists, those "bandits" upstairs who "had sold themselves to the war for French gold."

We were received with scrutinizing glances and temporizing responses which revealed to us the perplexity of those watchers, who were ordered to treat all strangers as dangerous persons until their amicability could be definitely established. Finally they were made to understand our mission, and the suspense broke. A duel? Pooh! Only a duel, when they expected an attack, a battle, a siege? When over the front lines of half Europe guns were roaring? When it was already obvious that the Great War would crash through the sacrosanct boundaries of Italy?

Knee-deep in publications, Mussolini stood before the work table in his room, rapidly scanning one newspaper after another. He did not change his position when we entered, but merely turned his head and scrutinized us with eyes that probed our souls.

Signor Cortini, who was Merlino's other second, was a lawyer, and on the strength of his profession it was up to him to be spokesman. I would help him out, I thought, if he should get himself into deep water; otherwise I would spend my time in observing this ramshackle chamber which served as headquarters for one of the most discussed men in Italy. My colleague was brief, as circumstances required. Mussolini replied

with two shouts: "Morgagni! Giuliani!"

Morgagni and Giuliani immediately came as far as the threshold, and stopped short; the "office" was already overcharged. Mussolini motioned toward them with a lazy, disinterested gesture, and told us that we could settle everything with them—they were his representatives.

The two men at once reassumed their hostile attitude, for anything concerning their chief alarmed them. I well remember that pair in the tense moments which followed: Manlio Morgagni, the administrative pilot of that fighting newspaper, fat, with a trace of joviality in his face; his comrade, Alessandro Giuliani, assistant editor and Mussolini's general handy man, tall and slender, nervous and gloomy, Morgagni was very serious and dignified. Giuliani was impatient, and looked at us as much as to say, "Go to Hell, both of you!"

We exchanged cards and decided to meet the following morning in the lobby of the *Corso Hotel* for our first consultation. To that first, we were obliged to add a second meeting, in order to discuss fully the gravity of the situation and to take care of all the minutiae directly associated with the duel. Like an ancient knight, Merlino had decided that the offense should be washed away with the last blood, and Mussolini characteristically declared that he would accept any conditions of his opponent. Our duties as seconds were to attenuate the resentment of the two parties as much as possible, keeping in mind always that it was a personal insult which had arisen out of a political

dispute, and to have the matter settled in a more dignified and less dangerous manner if we could manage it. But, unfortunately, those slaps were still smarting Merlino's cheek, and they cried for vengeance . . .

Our meetings were characterized by a ghastly seriousness and extreme discretion on the part of everyone. The seconds to Mussolini were intimate friends, but we did not know them, they did not know us, nor did Cortini and I even know each other. We were like a council of war. I recall how my colleague, the lawyer, kept the chivalric code always in his hands, eager to interpret its articles; and how his haughty attitude revealed that it was the first time he had acted in the capacity of a second. I recall Giuliani, who was nervous, asthmatic, diffident, but at the same time very obliging, and eagerly awaiting the moment when all would be over. I recall Morgagni, who assumed the air of a grand duke, and who was quite thoroughly preoccupied with thoughts of an important subsequent appointment. And lastly, I recall the remaining delegate to this council: unprejudiced to the point of insensibility, busying himself passing cigarettes and cocktails to those three who chafed under what appeared to them to be a mammoth responsibility.

In the end we arrived at the inevitable conclusion that the only possible solution to the situation would be a duel. The place: the salon of the *Alhambra Theatre*. The day: Tuesday, February 2, 1915. The hour: eight o'clock in the morning. The weapon: the sword, without limitation of blows.

But that cold grey Tuesday morning at eight o'clock the combat was broken up, before it got under way by the intervention of the police who confiscated the weapons.

The law regarding duels was then interpreted very liberally, and the authorities considered a duel legally averted when the weapons had been confiscated. So the duel was merely rescheduled for eleven o'clock of the same day at another place.

Restocco, in the San Cristoforo Tavern.

A large, rustic, white house with a red tile roof, facing a road which runs along the canal planned by Leonardo da Vinci in the fifteenth century. Over the massive doors of the house, a large sign: a liter of wine, a glass on either side, and the motto, "*Vino Buono*." Inside, a spacious room with walls smoked by the open fireplace, at the side of which sits a peasant girl cooking *polenta* over the glowing embers. Through the glass door one saw the bowling alleys behind the tavern—in these alleys the duel was to take place.

When we arrived in the open yard our opponents were already there, and they were trying to persuade the peasants who were playing bowls to leave. This the peasants condescended to do only after they had received their fill of free wine.

We proceeded with the preliminaries of the encounter. Once alone, a solemn silence came over us which was broken only by the clashing of steel as we measured the blades. An advantageous location was chosen in one of the alleys, and the opponents were assigned their initial positions.

Both duelists appeared calm. Mer-

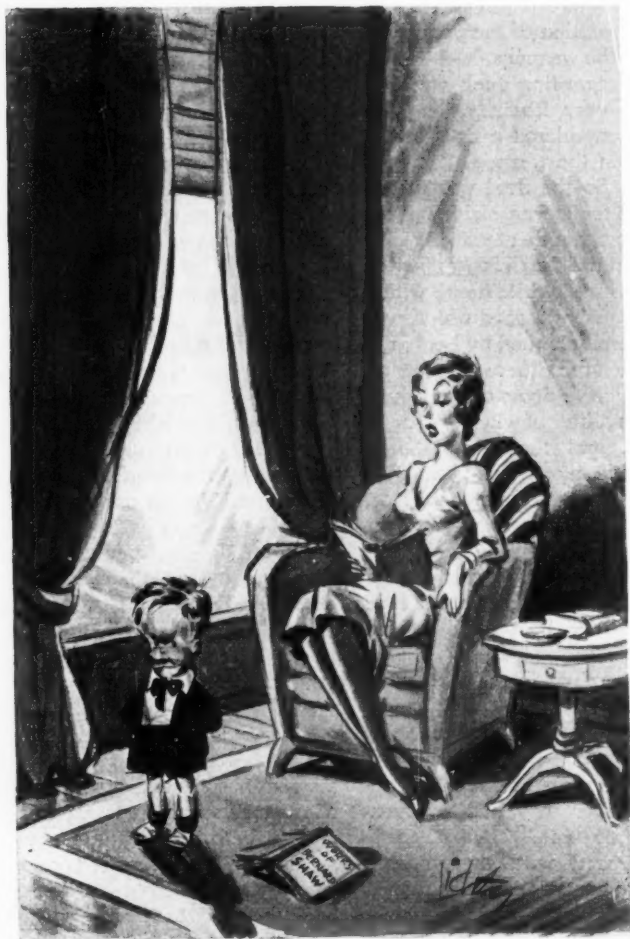
lino seemed lost in abstract thought; Mussolini, his eyes brilliant, seemed as ready to attack with the sword as with the speech. He was nervous, not because he feared the duel, but because it is his nature to be constantly alert. The men had removed their coats and vests, and had rolled their sleeves up beyond the elbow. It was cold, and the breeze cut.

All was ready. On one side of the alley stood Mussolini, speaking with his seconds in whispers that came to us as haunting drafts. Across the alley we were encouraging Merlino, who remained motionless and sphinx-like. Then suddenly he turned and smiled, and shook hands with Cortini and with me. And that ghostly silence descended over us again.

Swordpoints down, the combatants stood fixed, facing each other. For a few briefs seconds they appeared more indifferent than two amateurs about to engage in a friendly contest. The director of the duel, Gallerati, stepped into the alley and raised his sword . . . a moment of tense suspense, then:

"To you, gentlemen!"

After the obligatory salute the first attack began. It was one of those prudent attacks which used to test an opponent's strength, to find his play, and to help decide upon a plan of attack. Neither appeared an expert fencer. On the contrary, one might have thought them novices who had been obliged that same day to visit a *salle d'armes* in order to loosen their wrists and test their skill. They were cautious in attack, careful in defense, and of about equal ability. Merlino was tenacious, for the offense still



*"All right Cedric—you can be a vegetarian like Bernard Shaw—but I won't
have you growing a beard"*

CORONET

burned within him; Mussolini was aggressive because he is of aggressive nature.

Two antagonistic temperaments: Merlino, cold as an Anglo-Saxon, his physiognomy expressionless; Mussolini, Latin, his eyes expressive, biting his lip, frowning. The former a ponderer, calculating, rigid but retreating; the latter agile, on the offensive, advancing steadily. Both courageous.

In the beginning the procedure was extremely reserved, and neither cared to venture off the guard position. As a result there was only the exchange of feints, and an occasional clash of rigid blades when a powerless thrust met a vigilant parry. The swords moved lazily as the two attempted to feel the distance that interceded between them. Mussolini seemed to find himself first, and the points of the blades became more animated as he advanced rapidly, forcing Merlino to retreat until his back struck the tavern wall. In this manner the first attack ended.

The director called the combatants back to position and started them off again. The second attack was more vivacious than the first. The ice was broken and the contest became warmer as the strength, play and tactics of each became known to the other; they became more rapid, more energetic, more vibrant. Mussolini passed to the offensive immediately, but Merlino clung stubbornly to his guard, keeping his eyes riveted on the chest of his opponent, waiting for him to expose a vulnerable spot. The swords darted, glistened and rebounded. Often there were powerful thrusts which were destined to slip

along the blade and die on the hilt-guard. With every forceful lunge, Mussolini caused Merlino unconsciously to retreat. The young editor was showing a superiority due less to his technique than to this persevering offense. But in retreating, Merlino displayed a maneuver to force his opponent to expose himself—a maneuver which should have been ultimately successful had Merlino been sufficiently agile to take advantage of the openings. At times the thrusts became so frequent and so strong that we believed a bloody finish to be imminent, and we nervously awaited the impending disaster, but fortunately the blows were successfully parried, and each exhausted itself in "*a vuoto*." The anarchist's defense was perfect; slowly he retreated until he again met the wall, and the second attack ended as did the first.

After a short pause the third followed, and it was furious: no more feints, no more testing thrusts. Prudence, so evident in the first attack, lingering through the second, was now abandoned. Both men desired to conclude the affair—Mussolini more than Merlino. The journalist advanced with an impulsiveness that made us fear a catastrophe. Blows which had been reserved were now let loose; the etiquette of fencing was cast aside, and the duel degenerated into a violent battle of slashing and swinging blades. I shall remember this assault always for its intrepid fury. Here, as never before, was betrayed the lack of a method diligently learned. Each movement was now dangerous; if, in that furious con-

fusion, any of the mad slashes had evaded parry, one of the participants would surely have been cut in two.

Merlino maintained his guard, which still rendered invulnerable all his body, and at the same time he controlled the thrusts of Mussolini, whose onslaught grew more vigorous momentarily. Their faces seemed petrified. On the one side, the stern face of the anarchist; on the other, the impenetrable mask of the *Interventista*.

It seemed that under any of the sword blows, the thin body of Merlino should be crushed and halved, but the strokes fell short or were deviated from their fatal path. The swords now clashed, glanced, glittered. In the midst of his opponent's pugnacious attacks, Merlino apparently believed that the moment had come to strike the *coup de grace*, and he tried vainly to take advantage of Mussolini's carelessness.

Suddenly, swift as lightning, a deft blow, and Mussolini dropped back quickly. On Merlino's right shoulder appeared a crimson stain that darkened into a living purple as it spread. The anarchist did not move; he stood firm, immobile, staring at Mussolini, who—without knowing it—was also bleeding from the right arm. A timely parry had stopped Mussolini's blade as it tore through Merlino's shoulder muscles, and a *repose* had slashed Mussolini's arm. Both were wounded; Mussolini less seriously than Merlino.

"Gentlemen, we shall continue!" announced Mussolini when he perceived the blood dropping from his elbow.

But the encounter was discontinued, and the seconds circled the duelists to aid the doctors. The silence

was broken only by the voice of the young editor, saying, "It is nothing—nothing. A mere scratch."

With great difficulty, and not without considerable pain, Merlino's hemorrhage was stopped, and he silently allowed the doctors to dress his wound. Perhaps he was uneasy, for, unlike Mussolini, he was among men of an hour's acquaintance, not companions of faith.

The double wounding gave us pretext to proclaim the inferiority of one of the duelists, and thus to end the combat. As seconds it was our strict duty to make them continue, but after considering that both the first and second bloods had been shed—avenging technically Merlino's honor—and after realizing the probable outcome of a fourth furious attack, we decided upon discontinuation entirely. And it was a wise decision, for at the climax of this violence we might have witnessed a fatality like that of the well known Italian writer and representative, Felice Cavallotti, seventeen years before; a fatality which would have removed from the political scene the leader of the New Italy.

Signor Merlino made no objection, but received the decision with an arrogant calm. When Mussolini came toward him with a smile, Merlino arose and extended his hand in reconciliation. The men embraced one another, sealing in their silence a past of battles fought side by side, but in different fields—battles fought for ideals.

"Bravo! You have a strong heart," said Mussolini, "and I recognize in you much of that 'little courage' which you accused me of having!"

—E. C. BRANCHI



COLL. L. M. BUCKINGHAM, ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO

WATCHMAN OF THE TOMB

This unicorn, as a friendly earth spirit, stood guard as protection for the deceased earthling against the evil spirits of the next world. Glazed in the flowing green and yellow which were, with blue, the chief and most characteristic glaze colorings of the T'ang Dynasty.

NOVEMBER, 1936



COLL. L. M. BUCKINGHAM, ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO

THREE-FOOTED T'ANG PLATE

One of the most exquisite examples of the T'ang arts and crafts, this pottery plate has as the center of its decorative lotus design a representation of a duck flying among three clouds. In a virtually perfect state of preservation after about twelve hundred years.

CORONET

TURF AND PUBLIC

THE BUDGET COULD BE BALANCED BY
THE BILLIONS THE BOOKIES HANDLE



In 1934—according to official reports filed as tax returns by thoroughbred racing associations in fifteen states—a total of \$170,111,746 was bet legally on horses at the tracks through the mutuel machines. This total did not include the amount bet in New York, where the handbook mode of wagering is authorized and in use. The New York turnover would add certainly \$30,000,000, possibly \$50,000,000 to the mutuel total, and bring the amount bet legally on horses at the tracks in the year 1934 to well over \$200,000,000. And an even larger amount was bet in 1935 and will be wagered in 1936.

These figures—let me repeat—include only legal wagers at the tracks. They do not include amounts bet illegally all over the country on the same races but with handbooks away from the tracks operating *sub rosa* on street corners and at newsstands, also in poolrooms, saloons and barber shops.

It would be a very conservative estimate that put this illicit play at ten dollars for every single dollar wagered legally at the tracks, so that the annual horse-betting turnover of the United States today is not something over \$200,000,000 but rather

well over \$2,000,000,000 or even over \$3,000,000,000.

These figures are almost incredible, I admit—my mind won't grasp them nor will yours: no insult to intelligence intended. But they roughly represent most impressive orders of magnitude, and will be questioned in good faith only by one genuinely ignorant of the present extent of race-play. Millions of \$1, \$2, \$5 and \$10 wagers made daily aggregate a terrific amount of money when totalled by the year—that really is all the estimate means. The making of small wagers in millions from day to day and week to week is evidenced by the fact that all large and most sizeable cities, also numerous small towns, support either many or at least one or two bookies or bookies' agents. Within three or four minutes' walk of my own home on Brooklyn Heights in New York are seven or eight handbooks or handbooks' agents each taking from a hundred to several hundred bets a day; an estimate of ten thousand books or books' agents in greater New York is extremely conservative. The same picture is presented by other cities—Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis, Baltimore, Los Angeles—even by places like

Brockton, Lawrence and Haverhill, Mass., only a few miles away from three or four large tracks, where the volume of away-from-the-track play is such that the racing sheets have found it necessary to open offices to supply free scratches, "telephone specials" and race results.

Under the statutes authorizing and regulating racing the mutuel tracks in the United States retain from ten to twenty cents of every dollar bet in the machines or "iron men," a minor part of which goes to the states by way of taxes on play. This "take and breakage"—it is unnecessary here to become technical and explain the term in detail—amounts on an average all over the country to about fifteen per cent of all money bet on all races at all tracks. Fifteen per cent of \$200,000,000—the present annual volume of legal play at the tracks—is \$30,000,000 retained by the tracks from bettors' money, in addition to admission fees, to pay taxes, maintenance of plants, purses to horsemen, salaries of personnel, and any profits to stockholders. In New York, it may be mentioned, the tracks receive no share of money bet as such, but to an extent accomplish the same end by taxing the books through requiring them to purchase a fixed number of admissions per day for the privilege of operating. The system in New York amounts to the same thing as the method employed under the mutuel plan of betting, although tracks and state alike benefit less materially. Whatever the bookies pay for operating comes out of their profits and hence out of the public's betting money.

Thirty million dollars, then, is about what the tracks receive from the public through the mutuel machines outside of New York or through the handbooks in New York. So much—and it is not too much, considering the expensive sites involved and the general overhead of racing—is available for maintenance of plants and to support through purse-winnings the horsemen who make a business of racing, also, in effect, to support the market for thoroughbred stock and keep breeders in business and producing.

But see what illegal handbooks all over the country receive from the public's betting away from the tracks! The volume of such play is about \$2,000,000,000 a year—and the books on an average and over a period retain somewhat more than the fifteen per cent of all money bet with them that is retained by the tracks of all money bet there. They settle with bettors who have won only on the basis of track prices or odds and only within fixed and low limits (as 20 to 1 to win, 8 to 1 to place, and 3 to 1 to show, nothing higher) and therefore retain of all money handled a percentage even greater than that kept by the tracks. Fifteen per cent of \$2,000,000,000 is \$300,000,000—an enormous annual slush fund placed in the hands of bookies by players away from the tracks to provide for profits, salaries of employees and the corruption of police officials and other functionaries bribed to wink at illegal betting or to make only the mildest pretense of stopping it.

Not one penny of this \$300,000,000 goes to the state as taxes, to tracks or horsemen to improve racing, or to



"Isn't that cute! He was a lap dog when he was a puppy!"

NOVEMBER, 1936



*"On my last trip to California we were in Chicago before I decided to get off
at Cleveland!"*

CORONET

breeders to produce better stock. Every dollar goes to an ignorant and semi-criminal class, analogue of the bootleggers of unsavory memory, and the only contribution to racing is on the crooked side, as when a horseman or a jockey takes a slip from a book for having an entrant doped or pulled or for pulling him. I am not claiming that such practices are prevalent; I merely am stating that bookies' revenues from away-from-the-track betting can have no possible influence for betterment of the sport of racing as such.

Without the very substantial contributions of wealthy breeders and stable-owners, both by way of direct subsidies to tracks and through unprofitable stable and breeding operations, racing as we have it in this country could not last six months. But the public's contribution also is essential. The \$30,000,000 the public now pays to the tracks is insufficient to place racing everywhere on the plane it might occupy—and the \$300,000,000 that goes to bookies is lost except as a source of corruption.

The sensible thing to do—since the public wants and demands racing, as proved by attendance figures and volume of play both at the tracks and elsewhere—would be to legalize and license bookmaking subject to fairly heavy taxation for the state and substantial contributions to tracks programming races bet on. Or each state could establish betting agencies at central locations and transmit money to the tracks for wagering in the machines, so that both state and tracks would receive their share. But common sense handling of the situa-

tion is hardly to be expected in a country that took about twelve years to get rid of prohibition.

Up to this point I have been developing one viewpoint on racing in relation to the public, bringing out the fact—I hope clearly—that a white-hot popular interest in horses and betting, and a heavy contribution in money, do not benefit materially the sport which has evoked them. But another viewpoint is even more fundamental, involving the thought that racing as conducted at present on a commercial basis intrinsically relies and depends not merely on a public but rather on a sucker-public.

A grand time can be had at a track if one goes there to see a good show—the two or three races out of six or eight programmed for horses of some quality—and to make a few small bets as figures or whims may dictate. But it takes a card of six to eight races to fill an afternoon and draw the attendance and play necessary if the track is even to cover its overhead. And there just aren't enough good horses at any track at any one time to fill six to eight-race programs daily for several weeks. One or two fair events will be carded each day, possibly a single big stake or handicap feature, but the balance of the races will be for untried two-year-olds, maidens that never have won even a single race, or for very cheap platers entered at low valuations in claiming events—races from which any horse may be taken at the price set upon him by his owner. To get winners with any consistency in such races is almost impossible, yet they must be programmed to get the play on which the sport as

a whole depends.

Educated players, players who have been through the mill of experience and have had sense enough to learn on the way, almost never play the whole card from race to race; rather they await sound betting spots in contests really figurable and watch the other races for the fun of it. But the suckers—ninety-eight per cent of the crowd—are milling about the mutuel windows all the time, playing horses, playing jockeys, playing post-positions, playing whims, hunches and dreams, playing daily doubles, playing systems, playing scratch-sheet “top horses,” playing tips, playing favorites, playing public selectors’ choices, playing consensus-horses, playing—in a word—every conceivable or inconceivable type of guidance, from the divine to the human, all too human, and, as a whole, winding up with the inevitable minus fifteen cents of every dollar bet, or, more frequently, without a penny. The track gets its fifteen per cent cut from winners, not from losers; the winners get the other eighty-five per cent from the losers, the suckers, the whole-card players.

If playing every race is a sure sign of dumb lunacy, and if every race must be played by crowds as wholes to enable the tracks to continue, then it follows that the tracks basically depend on nonsense and are citadels of beautiful folly. Which is most emphatically and profoundly true.

Racing indeed is the sport of kings, millionaires being the modern brand of royalty. When a poor but honest mechanic or bank clerk becomes interested in the horses he automatically

is subjected to a financial drain for the support of the game which he would revolt from paying were it presented to him as a charge for admission and not as a potential for hazy ticket to fortune. I just said “interested in horses” and meant it; that’s the case if the chap goes to the tracks. If he is interested only in betting, and does bet only with illegal books away from the tracks, then he merely is God’s gift to a gang of parasites without even the fun of seeing the races run and of semi-occasionally yelling in a horse of his own selection.

The tendency of sucker horse players, whether at or away from the tracks, to bet whole cards and thereby land on races too close to be playable or for horses too cheap to be figurable, is powerfully fostered by the way in which the daily press of the country treats the subject. Advertisers don’t like racing circulation; managing editors don’t want it save as a last resort. But they are forced to give racing much space to satisfy readers of types other than straight race addicts. One sheet tries to beat the others with results, boxing late races on the front page; all print full results inside, also entries for next day, together with full-card selections at all tracks by various individual handicappers employed by them or by press associations. Consensus selections also are printed, each paper picking up the choices of others and showing the average weight of opinion in favor of presumptive winners of each race.

The trouble with all this stuff is that not a line of it is educative. A sucker in course of losing his shirt and

the baby's shoes to tracks or handbooks could read it for fifty years without getting the least idea of how to figure a race for himself—which he must be able to do if he is to distinguish between the playable and the unplayable. A bet never is good merely because everybody knows and admits that some one horse hardly can lose; if that is the case—which the sucker can infer from the fact that practically all selectors endorse the horse—then the price or odds laid against him will be so short as to make him a most hazardous and unsound wager. A good bet always is a combination of winning chances plus price, and is offered by a horse whose price is an "overlay"—race track terminology for odds longer than an animal's mathematical chances of winning under a sound handicapping analysis of the field. It is unnecessary to go into an elaborate discussion of what is meant; briefly, an overlay is analagous to the case of one matching pennies with another who agrees to pay him \$2 for every match and to accept only \$1 for every failure to match. If a horse has an even chance of winning—the situation in matching pennies—but his backers are to receive \$2 for every \$1 bet in the event he does win, then he presents an overlay, and a player who confines his betting operations to such animals has an excellent chance of making money over a period of time and a large number of wagers. But he must have (1) self-control to limit himself to plays of that type, (2) the knowledge of handicapping and horses requisite to detect them. And he can't get even the beginnings of requisite knowledge if he reads the racing pages

in daily newspapers until his eyes pop.

Nor can he get it anywhere else save through costly experience and expenditure of an amount of time and study prohibitive to one who must work for a living and can't bury himself up to the ears in tracks and horses. The newsstands are covered with a snowstorm of horse stuff—daily racing sheets, daily and weekly tip-sheets, turf weeklies and monthlies, even pamphlets on handicapping methods and systems of play. Half of this junk is deliberately fraudulent in intention; ninety per cent is wholly worthless and misleading; and all of it is published by people who give themselves away by mere force of the fact that they spend large amounts of money to produce something to sell the starry-eyed public instead of putting the same cash on their sure-fire horses and getting rich. Why sell a fortune for a quarter?

Fraudulent tipsters and racket-publishers of course are fostering the handbooks' graft—which does not benefit the tracks by one penny—by dishing out their cheap horses and crackpot methods. But reputable daily papers in effect are doing the same thing by treating racing in the perfunctory way they do—printing results, entries and selections because they are forced to, but not carrying a line tending to educate an amateur player and teach him to avoid cheap horses, unsound horses, inconsistent horses, short-priced "cinch" horses and other types of nags and races that make for financial disaster. A good handicapper will disagree violently with most of the selections for any one day printed by any large city news-

paper, not so much because he would be willing to bet against them in most cases as because he knows well that ninety per cent of the races are too close and for horses too cheap to render a sane pick possible. Yet the public is turned loose without other guidance on a nice little series of selections in seven or eight races at five or six tracks—and bang goes several hundred millions of dollars a year to illegal handbooks.

The handicappers employed by standard daily racing sheets are the best in the country—much better on an average than those employed by straight daily newspapers—and with superior data and facilities for their work. Yet it is a matter of statistical fact that all handicappers on racing sheets show a heavy money loss each year on the basis of \$2 flat play on their whole-card selections, and that none or at most only one or two of them show a trivial profit on “best bets,” so called. If these men, who devote all their time to racing and handicapping, can’t do anything with whole cards or even with best bets, what chance has some poor little cuss wandering dizzily among inferior selections in daily papers? But the papers present their handicappers as “experts,” the suckers take their picks because they know nothing themselves—and the bookies get rich.

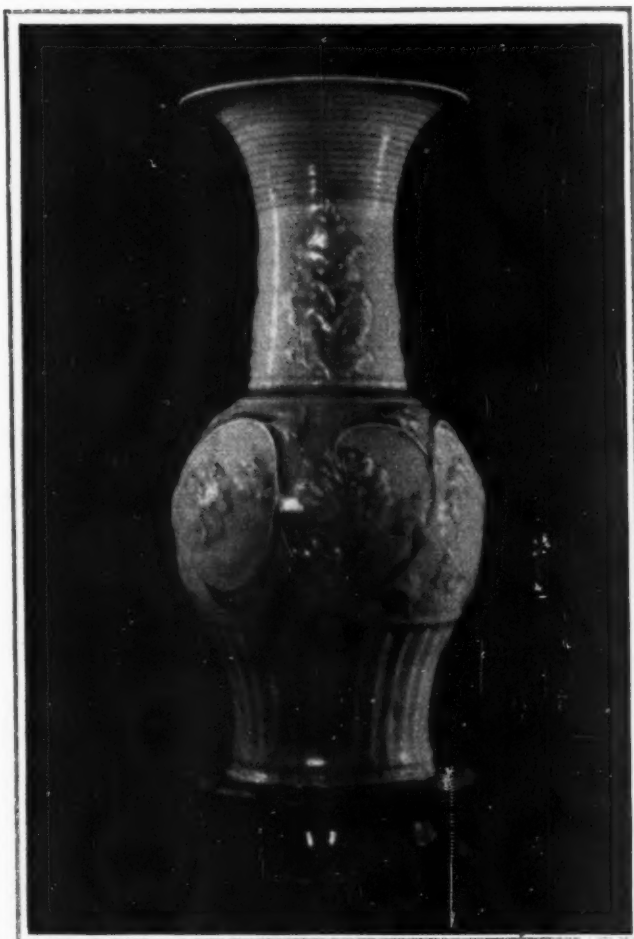
The amateur, even if constant bettor, has discovered a way of cutting his own financial throat in addition to relying on the unsound selections thrown up at him by his newspaper. After a little he begins to realize full well the difficulty of getting winners and starts betting his choices “across

the board,” “win and show” or “place and show,” instead of to win only. But in his effort to be cagey, cautious and conservative he is just jumping off the bridge. Everyone else is doing the same thing at the tracks and with books, and weight of their money on his horses “back of the win-hole” knocks down to a derision their prices to run second and third. By betting a horse to place, for instance, instead of to win, he doubles his chances of winning a bet and something, but more than halves profits realized. Over a period of time the practice is bound to be fatal, in the absence of most extraordinary luck. At any speculative game one always will lose money by following the public, whether in the stock market or on the horses. Favorites, for instance, pay less than they should under handicapping analysis simply because they are favorites and by definition carry excess money; place and show bets follow a public practice superficially plausible but entirely unsound just because it is a public practice.

Take at random an entire racing card—say at Rockingham Park, N. H., on June 4th—and examine the win, place and show prices paid by the winners of all races:

<i>Race</i>	<i>Horse</i>	<i>To Win</i>	<i>To Place</i>	<i>To Show</i>
1st	My Blonde	\$5.10	\$1.45	\$.55
2nd	Sun Fighter	7.60	2.85	1.90
3rd	Swap	2.35	1.35	.85
4th	Cascapedia	3.15	1.00	.55
5th	Ladfield	1.50	.60	.20
6th	Miss Dignity	4.05	1.65	1.00
7th	Xandra	2.85	.55	.15
8th	Long Bit	3.00	1.30	.95

These are not mutuels, including the \$2 staked, but the return for each \$1 wagered. It will be observed that



COLL. L. M. BUCKINGHAM, ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO

LUNG CHUAN, OR CELADON

Reputedly rescued during a fire in the Imperial Palace, this large porcelain vase has a peony scroll and floral medallions molded in relief under a light celadon glaze, also known as Lung Chuan from its place of origin during the Sung (960—1279 A.D.) Dynasty.

NOVEMBER, 1936



"You mean it's all mine, for keeps?"

CORONET

in only one case—that of Swap—did the winner fail to pay more than twice as much to win as to place and more than three times as much to win as to show. The card actually was taken at random, but the prices are strikingly representative of win, place and show returns at mutuel tracks. Ladfield—1.50/1 to win, .60/1 to place, .20/1 to show—is representative of what may be expected of really solid horses in the mutuels. At such prices, four winning of ten \$2 bets to win only would show no profit and no loss, five winning would show a profit of \$5.00; seven winning of ten \$2 bets to place would show a profit of only \$2.40; and nine winning of ten \$2 bets to show would yield a profit of only \$1.60.

A good handicapper can hope to win four or five of ten bets made to win only, therefore can expect to lose nothing or a trifle or even to make a little money. But no one can get seven place horses out of ten bet, on an average and over a period of time, still less nine show horses out of ten bet. Therefore place and show bettors are licked before they start in their endeavor to be conservative by following the crowd.

The reverse as to prices may be true in the very exceptional case where the crowd regards a horse as such a standout to win that it bets on him more heavily to run first than to run second or third, relative to the amounts bet on all other horses for similar placements. Take the case of Brevity in the Kentucky Derby. Accepted by the public as a cinch to win, he went at odds of .80/1 to win, 1.50/1

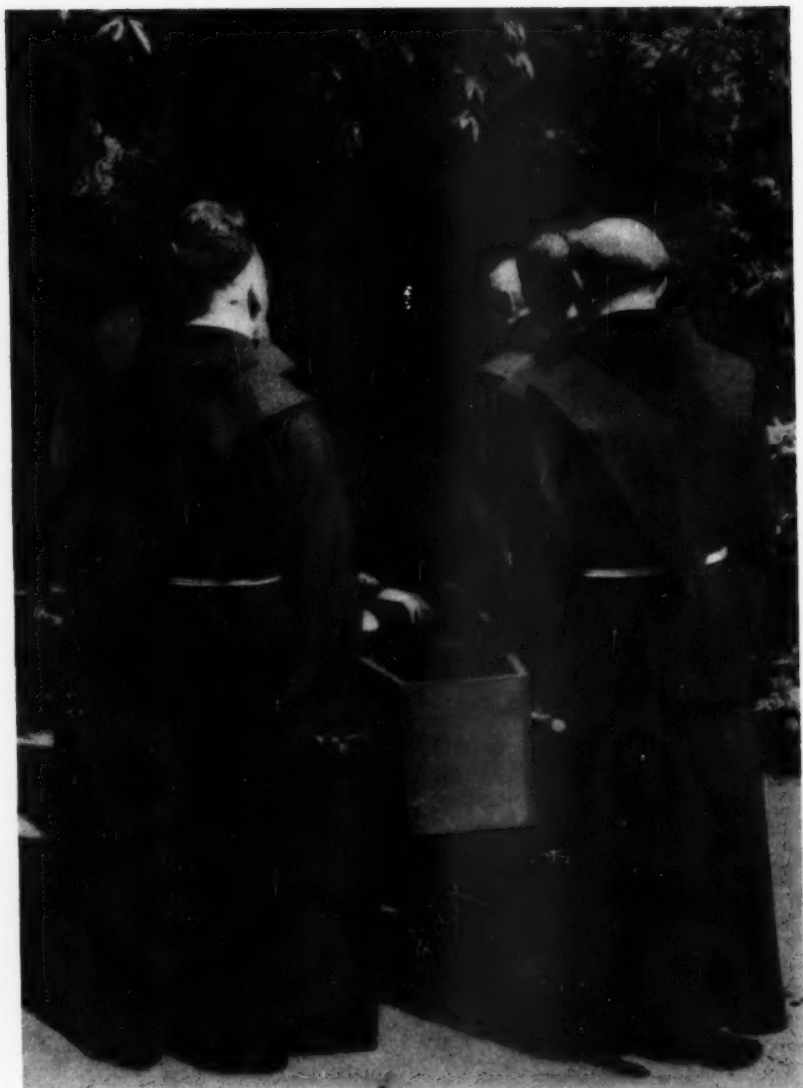
to place, and 1.00/1 to show. In other words, in betting him to win one was following the crowd—and one always is wrong in following the crowd because weight of its money injures prices.

What I have had to say in this article may be tied up and delivered in a very small package—thus: Present popular interest in racing does not benefit the sport itself nearly as much as it should because the losses from possibly \$2,000,000,000 bet illegally on horses each year away from the tracks benefit only handbooks and their corrupt connections and not the states, the tracks, the horsemen or the breeders, still less the breed itself. Wastage of this money without end or purpose is powerfully fostered by the attitude of the daily press in printing whole-card selections without any educative material on horses or betting. Left to his own devices with selections in seven or eight races at from two to six or eight tracks before him, the average player automatically competes his own ruin by endeavoring to be conservative and betting his choices back of the win hole.

It is my own personal opinion that if a man wants to bet horses he should be permitted to bet horses. But it should be possible for him to get his money down to the tracks even if he does not go there habitually himself, and thereby contribute to betterment of the sport and the breed rather than to a gang of unwashed and ignorant handbook operators.

—ROBERT SAUNDERS DOWST

Mr. Dowst is the author of 'Flat-Race Handicapping', on the art of figuring winners, and co-author (with Jay Craig), of 'Playing The Races': A Guide To The American Tracks.



C. MITCHELL

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.

THE FRIAR PASSES

CORONET

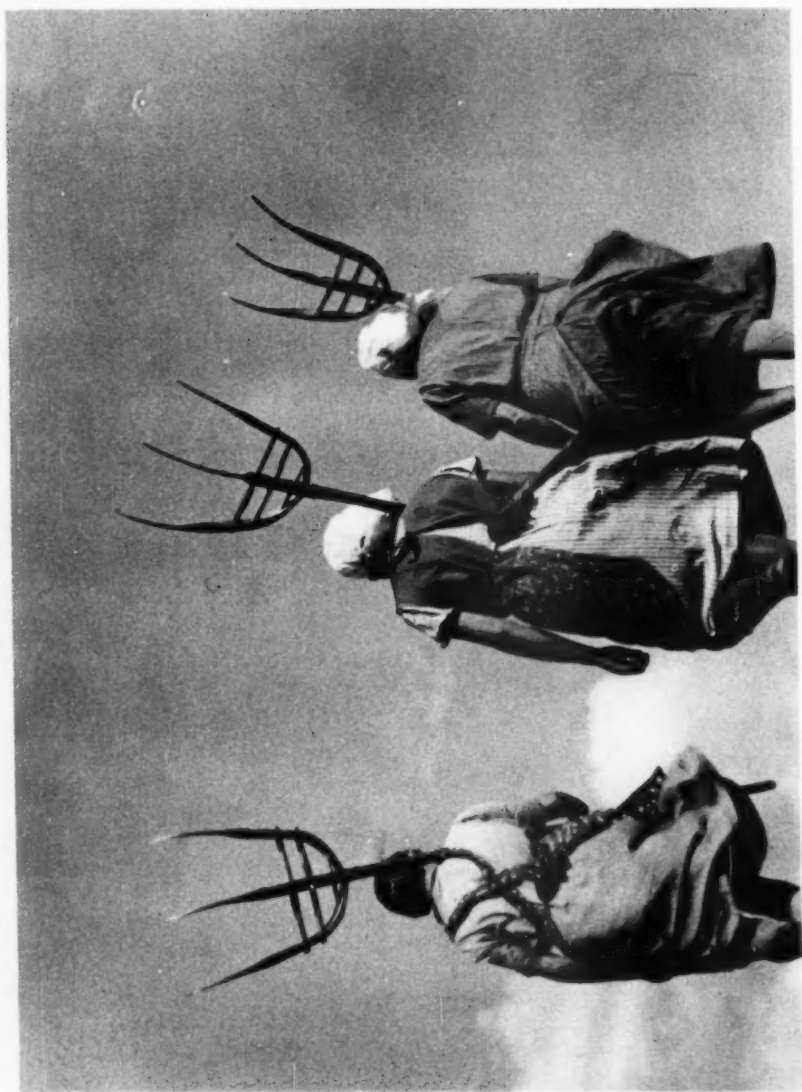


DENKSTEIN JENO

BUDAPEST

MARCHING MEN

NOVEMBER, 1936



E. O. HOPPE

LONDON—DORIEN LEIGH

MARCHING WOMEN

CORONET



EUROPEAN PHOTO

OUT OF SIGHT . . .

NOVEMBER, 1936

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EUROPEAN PHOTO

... OUT OF MIND

CORONET

126



DENKSTEIN JENO

BUDAPEST

HOMeward HORSES

NOVEMBER, 1936



"Mrs. Roosevelt goes to meetings too—but does the President do the dishes?"

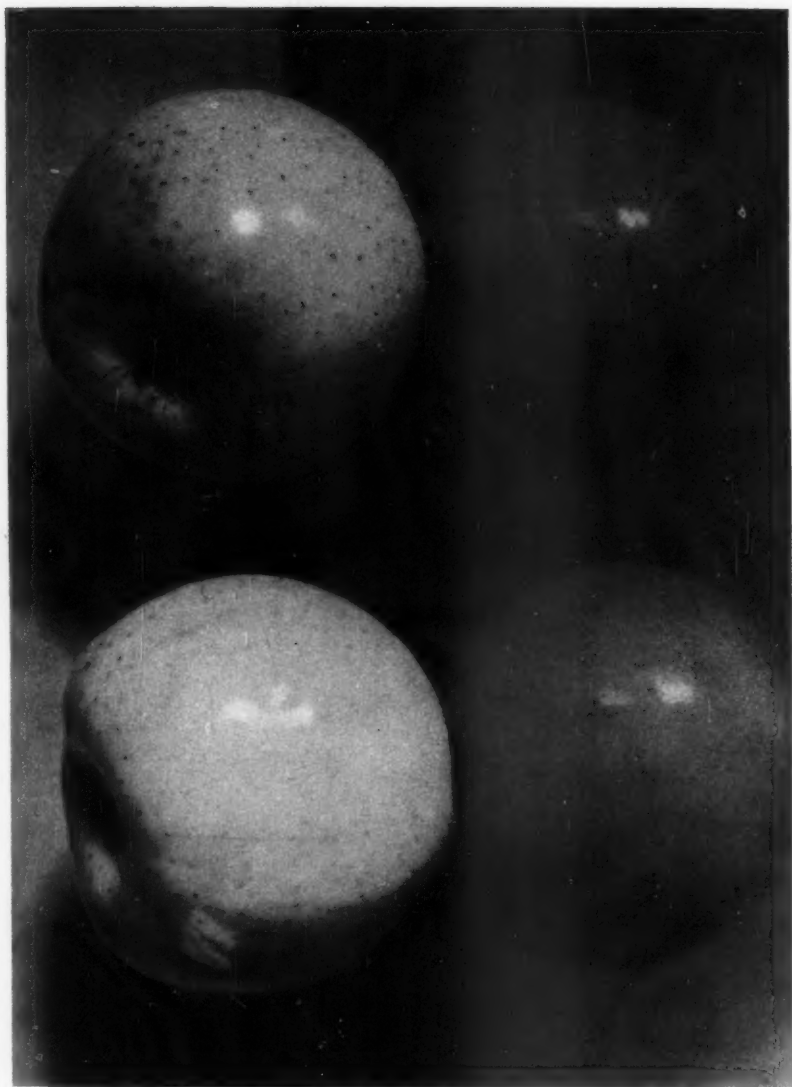


NELLA R. GALVIN

LIMA, OHIO

LITTLE HEN'S DREAM

NOVEMBER, 1936



FRITZ WAGNER

LINZ, AUSTRIA

APPLES

CORONET



WESTELIN

CHICAGO

FLOWER STUDY

NOVEMBER, 1936

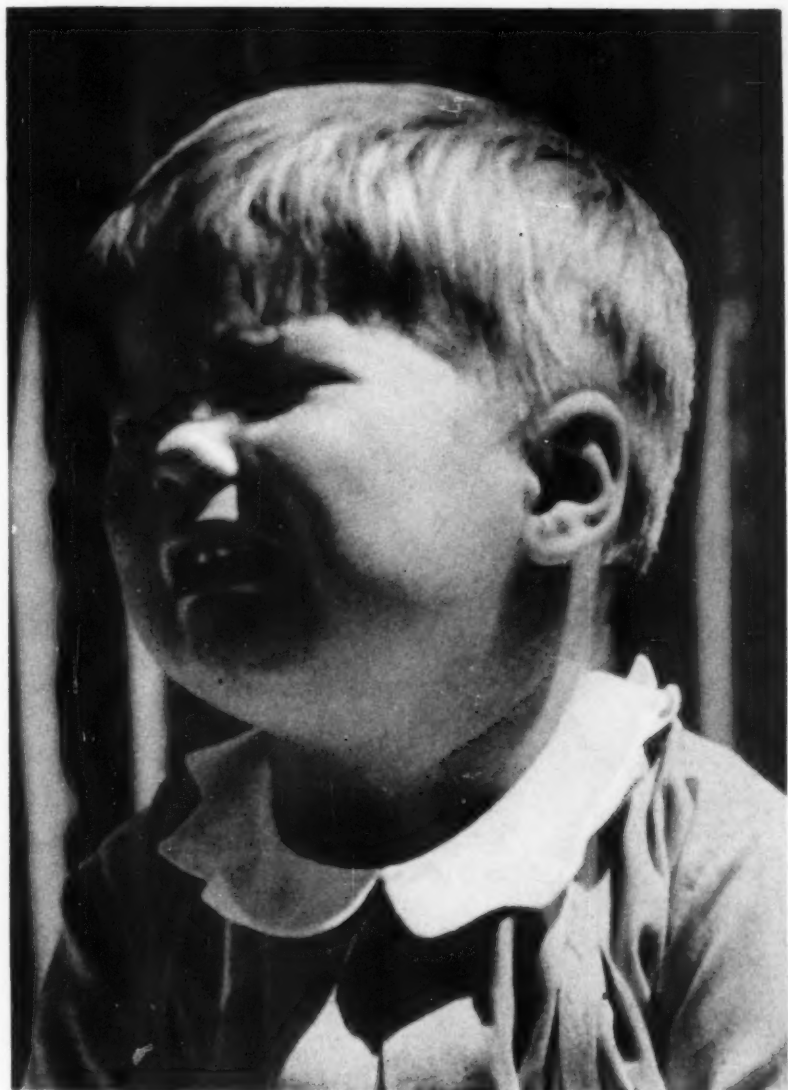


THOS. O. SHECKELL

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

PATHS OF YOUTH

CORONET



FRITZ ROETTER

CHICAGO

SORROWS OF YOUTH

NOVEMBER, 1936

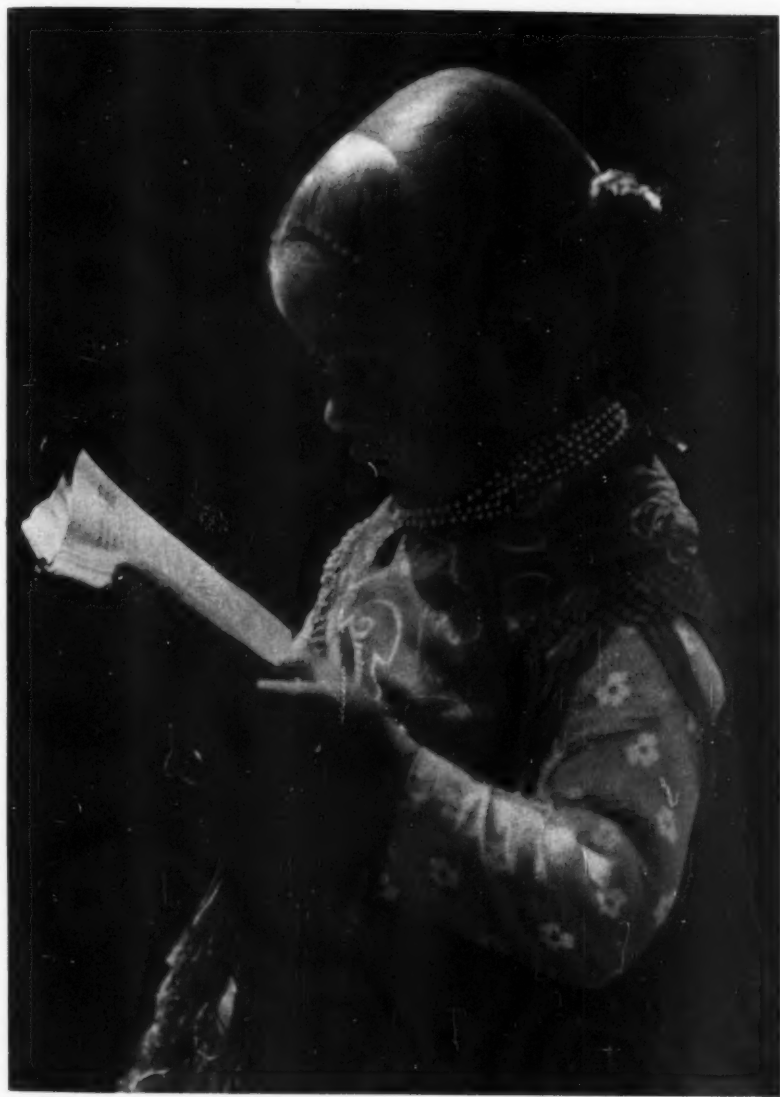


DENKSTEIN JENO

BUDAPEST

PERPLEXITY

CORONET



DENKSTEIN JENŐ

BUDAPEST

CONCENTRATION

NOVEMBER, 1936

TOO MUCH IMAGINATION

IT'S POSSIBLE TO BE TOO SMART
WHEN DEALING WITH DUMB COPS



Captain Quinn leaned over his desk and frowned. "Where was this?" he asked the patrolman.

"Central Park. He was jumpin' off steps and things like he expected to fly."

"Were you trying to fly?" asked the captain.

The big man shrugged his shoulders impatiently. His long nose drew a breath of annoyance. "Don't be ridiculous," he said. "Of course I wasn't trying to fly."

"What were you doing, then?"

"I was experimenting with the seraphic trance, if you must know."

"The sera—what?"

"It's like glory," said the bright-eyed man.

"Hmm," murmured the captain, and he winked slyly at Sergeant Sullivan who, leaning on the rail, had been listening to the examination.

"What's your name?" said Sullivan.

"Grant Gordon. What of it?"

"Occupation?"

"I never saw such a nosey bunch of pests in my life," said the man. "I'm an experimenter," he said seriously, "into the realm of the vaporous, the ethereal, the cosmic. You wouldn't understand."

"Where do you live?" the sergeant persisted.

"If I told you then I'd know," the man smiled. "Where does anyone live, *messieurs*? Within a mysterious microcosm we call the soul. Yeaman!"

"Here, Jim," he motioned to the patrolman. "Gimme a hand. It sounds like the hop to me. Peel his arms. Now, Mr. Gordon—" They pushed the big man's sleeves back, but discovered no signs of hypodermic punctures.

"Are you a hoppy?" asked the captain. "We'll find out sooner or later anyway."

"A harpy is a shrewish wife," said Gordon. "Do I look like a shrewish wife? Here. I'll show you something." He started to climb up on the captain's desk. "Here's one Houdini couldn't do." They grabbed him and he began to blow at the mouth like an exhausted fish.

"We'll book him and call for Dr. Parker," Quinn turned up his hands. "Take it easy, old boy. Here. Have a cigar, and take a seat over there."

Gordon retired to the bench beyond the rail in the precinct station. He buttoned his sleeves, and then lit the captain's cigar. Ha. This was a sweet idea.



ANONYMOUS LOAN, ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO

A PORTRAIT BY RAPHAËL

Painted in Rome about 1509, this was the third portrait by Raphael to find its way to America. The identity of the subject has long been a subject of dispute among the experts but the consensus inclines to the belief that it is the long lost portrait of a secretary to Pope Leo X.

NOVEMBER, 1936



COLL. W. W. KIMBALL, ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO

A PORTRAIT BY REMBRANDT

Attributed to the year 1629. This portrait was sold in London for a small sum in the belief that it was a copy. Upon cleaning it was found to be an original and is now regarded as the finest of portraits of Rembrandt's father, and is hence almost priceless. Early manner.

CORONET

Dr. Parker finally entered the station with another man, and Sullivan listened with interest to his questioning. "A good man in his line, doc," Grant nodded at the captain. "But obtuse. No imagination. The difference between flying and ethereal suspension is a rather subtle one. On the other hand I've been pinched, and that's not subtle at all. Life sometimes," he speculated, "is somewhat less than a bowl of cherries."

The psychopathologist smiled easily. "Pinched is hardly the word. Captain Quinn just thought I'd like to hear about your experiments in flying. Suppose we take a nice quiet ride in my car over to the office."

"Well," said Grant, "you're the doctor. Ho, ho. Bless my soul, a pun. *Bon soir, mon Capitaine. Tel qui rit vendredi dimanche pleurera*, as my colored mammy used to say." They went out.

Captain Quinn laughed. "As fruity as a bon voyage basket," he said. Sullivan joined in his amusement. "We get 'em," he added; "don't we?"

The following morning Captain Quinn had a departmental slip for him. "Inspector O'Connor wants to see you. Somebody knocked off."

"The boys are digging up what they can on her history," the inspector who had charge of the narcotic squad said. "There's no police record, and we don't know her. Wasn't notorious, neighbors don't know anything. Probably from out of town. You can go up and take a look around the flat if you want."

"Gun?"

"Wish it was. An overdose of Mary Warner. It wasn't even fixed up to

look like suicide. That's why I want you. The dopies all know our narcotic boys. They got the pictures downstairs if you want to see 'em."

"How long she been dead?"

"About two hours. Hard to fix it with the dose she had. Forcible injection."

"Was she a hophead?"

"Jerry says no."

"All right, inspector. I'll make the round of the joints and try to pick up something on her."

"Don't let it take too much of your time, sergeant. It's probably one of those things."

"Yes, sir."

Instead of doing the joints, like a practical policeman, Sullivan went downstairs and thumbed the dictionary. "Poisoning in the case of marihuana, marijuana, or, colloquially, 'Mary Warner,' is rare. It is a mild, if not innocuous, drug, with accompanying symptoms of light, vague dreaminess of the 'jag' variety," he read. "Large doses produce hallucinations of floating. Victims have been known to jump from high places and receive severe injuries, under the impression that they were buoyant enough to fly."

Grant Gordon, of course. He must have been a marihuana nut. Well, this didn't tell him much. He spent a week trying to get a lead on the Greta Andersen girl. The thing was sewed up as tight as a Scotchman's pocketbook. In the meantime he couldn't get the marihuana nut out of his head, because the girl had been bumped with the stuff. He thought he'd go over to Bellevue and ask Parker how he was doing.

"Come in," said the doctor pleasantly. "I've just been collating some case histories to incorporate into a report for *American Medicine*—but I don't mind taking a breather for a spell."

"Do you remember a guy you picked up at the precinct station from Captain Quinn about a week ago? Nut wanted to fly. His name was Grant Gordon."

"Mild hallucination. Why?"

"He here yet?"

"Why—no," Parker thought. "Went out yesterday, I think. Had spells for a day or so and then came around fine. Nothing unusual to hold for. These fantasy cases are common. It's lower subconscious stuff. Blood test showed no signs of narcotic."

"Oh, it didn't?" said Sullivan, his mind spinning like an ape's when confronted with himself in a mirror. "Thanks, doctor."

On his way home he tried to fit all the cockeyed pieces of the puzzle together, and what wouldn't fit was the fact that Grant had been picked up at 5 P. M. the day before the Andersen girl had been bumped. Then he remembered the saying of Lieutenant Redman, under whom he had learned his ropes as a third grade detective. "The innocent man isn't going around thinking all the time how he can prove he's innocent in case something happens." Well, having a wild hunch, and presenting a prisoner with enough evidence to indict to the Grand Jury, were two things.

He went down the next morning to look at moving pictures, the photograph files in the basement of Police

Headquarters. He took down book after book, turning the heavy pages slowly, peering at the staring faces of the thousands of criminals who had passed through the police mill. None of them matched. It was a poor off chance that the man who had feigned temporary insanity had a police record. He had gone through so many volumes that his eyes became blurred. They were not too blurred, however, to recognize instantly the picture of the man he was looking for. His name wasn't Grant Gordon, but his face was. Sullivan jotted down the digest of information on the corresponding card. Hazy as it still was, it was something real at last.

"William S. Grant," he wrote. "Graduated from the U. of Wisconsin, degree Chemistry. Employed Starke & Sons, Wholesale Drugs, Chicago, discharged under suspicion of appropriating narcotics. Enlisted and served as sergeant in Medical Department of U. S. Army, stationed Balboa, Panama, 1923-26. Apprehended 1929 by Customs officials N. Y. on suspicion of transporting marihuana cigarettes from Colon, dismissed in Federal Court for lack of evidence. Arrested in Harlem 1930 on suspicion of controlling marihuana traffic, discharged for lack of evidence." And in each case return of fingerprints had been requested.

Sullivan couldn't go it alone from here in. He had to take the chance of being hooted out of class, and laid his stuff before O'Connor.

"No solid connection there, sergeant," O'Connor shook his head. "Our timing is wet. Twelve hours is too long. The medical examiner

wouldn't go overboard that long. It's just coincidence about the Mary Warner. We'll try any idea you've got, however. Any suggestion?"

"Yes," said Sullivan. "Get the boys to bring in some nigger hoppy and clout the livin' hell out of him. I want to know more about this Harlem dope czar."

"That's not so hot," said O'Connor. "Evidence like that doesn't stand up any more."

"I don't want evidence, I want information. Well, we'll scare hell out of him then by threatening him with the cure."

"All right," said O'Connor without enthusiasm.

Three days later, when the liner docked at the *Central American* pier, Sullivan and Peterson, and Ed Hollywood of the Homicide, were at the pier to meet Mr. Grant.

Sergeant Sullivan stepped up to him. "Grant Gordon, isn't it?"

He peered at the officer, and then smiled. "Hm. I remember you. You're the officer I met in the police station who wanted to know my name. What's up now, sergeant. They still think I'm crazy?"

"Got a good memory for faces, haven't you? No. We're sure you're not crazy. But your memory for names isn't so good. William S. Grant is more like it."

"Well, how do you fellows do it?" he grinned. "The police are wonderful sometimes."

"Ain't they?" said Sullivan, matching his smile.

"Well, what's the pinch on for? Cigarettes? You won't find any stuff on me, officers and gentlemen. No,

no. You're way off. Pleasure. Best I've got is a couple of packs of Camels."

"Cigarettes, hell. Inspector O'Connor wants to see you. For trying to bump off Greta Andersen," said Sullivan nonchalantly. "Right in the cab, sir. We'll take care of your property."

"Greta Andersen?" A startled, puzzled frown spread over his features. "Trying to bump her off?"

"No more questions just now," said Sullivan. "Talk to O'Connor."

The genial O'Connor looked at a paper on his desk, smiling. The Medical Examiner sat at one corner of the long room. Cleary, the assistant district attorney, at the other. Sullivan worked on his fingernails absently with a file.

"Crude work," said the inspector. "Too much imagination. That alibi was hot stuff. When you acted silly, you chose the symptoms of marahuana because it's your business. The funny part of it is, if Miss Andersen had really kicked off we'd have had a hell of a time indicting you for murder. But that's the way these things go. She was in the deepest coma Dr. Johnson ever came across. He thought she was dead. Peculiar how Mary Warner works, isn't it? Didn't catch a flicker in her heart; practically no sign of respiration. Well, she sure had as close a call as they come. The boys were actually going to cut her open. That was a hot one. As I say, if she'd died, we'd have known who cashiered her—but it wouldn't have been so easy to prove with her dying twelve hours after you administered the stuff. I'll give you that much credit."

"Thanks," said the man, whose thoughts were undergoing some amazing changes.

"But she didn't, mister! That's the thing. We pulled that stuff out of her stomach just in time. Well, once the papers had her dead, we thought we'd let it stay that way. Give whoever did it a hell of a lot of false confidence."

"All right," said Grant. "What are you holding me for?" The man's face was pale.

"For first degree assault," said Cleary. "It wasn't till six days ago that the doctors were able to get her in shape to talk coherently. She spilled the whole works. You gave it to her because she wouldn't peddle your hop any longer and figured she'd turn up your activities. She'd been trying to fly all over the hospital ward—had to tie her down. But we've got her full statement. It's open and shut. No witness ever invented is as good as a corpse that can talk."

"Listen!" cried Grant. "What are you monkeys giving me? Why, I loaded that two-timer up with enough

stuff to bump off an elephant. Where is she? Let me talk to her! Why, I'll—"

Sergeant Sullivan put his nailfile back into his vest pocket.

"That's all," said Inspector O'Connor, "we wanted to know. Did you get it all, Miss Cort? This time we've got all the witness we want, and your confession was purely voluntary. Nobody asked you what you did. That right, Cleary?"

"Right," said the prosecutor.

"Yeah," said Grant, somewhat confused now; "I'll take the assault rap. It was worth it."

"Assault, hell!" Sergeant Sullivan stood up.

"What do you mean?"

"Why you poor mugg, the Andersen girl died the morning after you poisoned her."

"A lousy frame!" exclaimed Grant.

"Yeah," said Sullivan. "We'd have never guessed you did it, only it just seemed like a guy with your face must have killed somebody. We never use imagination down here—just dumb luck. We leave that stuff for you guys."

—LOUIS PAUL

FOOTBALL EXPLAINED

Football is a game played in the autumn between two colleges and universities, a game where the best team loses on account of the other fellows getting some of the darnedest breaks you ever saw. Some twenty-five players take part for one institution during a game, explaining why a football team is called an eleven. A team is run by a quarterback who is always calling the wrong plays if he happens to be on your team.

Forward pass. Very effective. Our

quarterback heaves the ball far down the field where it is caught by the opposing team's left half back, who thereupon moves fifty-five yards forward over our goal line. This never misses.

End Run. Usually good for seventy yards, thirty to the left, thirty to the right, and ten yards back towards our own goal line.

The object of the game is for the adherents of the winning side to capture what are called the "goal posts" of the losing side.

—B. V. D.

FROGOLYMPICS

TO THE DISGUST OF MR. BRISBANE
THEY JUMP, AS THOUSANDS CHEER



In commenting on the last annual Mark Twain Frog Jumping Jubilee held in California, Arthur Brisbane complained: "Twenty-five thousand people watched some frogs hop. Not half as many would have gathered to hear Einstein lecture on relativity. This may mean that many human beings are nearer to the frog than they are to Einstein."

These are statements to make any frog blink defensively, especially a well-trained, pedigreed champion jumping frog. Such a talented batrachian might croak in answer: "I have my place in human affairs as well as Germany's most celebrated exile. I am as important as Mr. Brisbane, whose logic in comparing me with relativity is quizzical and fallacious, if only because jumping frogs in action are a good deal more entertaining than mathematical intricacies. An investigation into frog jumping as it is practised in the country today will show that I have a good deal to say for myself."

Just who matched the first frogs in a competitive jumping contest is not known. There is as great a lack of recorded knowledge as to where this event occurred originally. Undoubtedly it must have happened

thousands of years ago in Europe or Asia. It was as natural a thing to occur as it is for certain men to be ready to bet on anything. Frogs are curious and, to most people, delightful little creatures. What could have been easier as a combination of competition and amusement than egging on a couple of these highly animated amphibians to hop? It was simple, in that all its first practitioners had to do was to go out and catch some frogs. There was no overhead of expensive equipment or field. It was nearly as convenient as betting on which fly will leave a lump of sugar first.

In these respects frog jumping has remained the same to the present day, except that it is far above betting on flies and that an element of selection and training has entered into frog jumping to make it a sport having a great deal more to it than can be believed by its mere mention.

Mark Twain made the sport known to the modern world in his famous story which established his reputation as an author, *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County*. That, as you must remember, was the tale, still as amusing as when the country first laughed over it, of a frog jumping

contest which was fixed by "Dan'l Webster", a champion frog, being so filled with quail shot that he couldn't move from the starting line, a fact not discovered until the man backing the winning frog had disappeared with the stakes.

Formal, professional frog jumping contests are held in a number of places today. Last winter saw the first of an annual "Frogolympics" held in Sarasota, Florida. Though the hops registered at this meet were poor, the section has been established as a frog-conscious spot, and better efforts in the line of records may be established in the future. Florida, in fact, should become a leader in the field, for the best kind of frogs for jumping purposes come from there.

The Mark Twain Centennial Committee held a frog jumping contest in Central Park, New York City, in 1935, at which 20,000 people were in attendance. Two hundred Louisiana frogs, the largest known, were imported, but in New York's mistaken phobia for having the biggest of everything, they didn't at the same time obtain good jumping batrachians, for the winning leap was a mere three feet, a miserable hop for any self-respecting frog with the slightest pretensions to jumping ability.

Innumerable meets are held the country over by any two or more people who happen to come into possession of a few frogs. Operators of frog farms who raise frogs for the frogs' legs market often hold contests as a source of appeasing their instinct for sport, for amusement, and to publicize their business.

The best frogolympics, however,

the above Brisbane-scorned Mark Twain Frog Jumping Jubilee, is held every spring at Angel's Camp in California. Here human beings really get near to frogs. It is highly fitting, as a matter of preserving the folklore of America, that this occurs in the same Calaveras County in which Mark Twain found and laid his story. Angel's Camp is a small mining town, now become something of a tourist resort, in the hills about 160 miles from San Francisco. It was here that California's great gold Mother Lode, from which \$60,000,000 was taken, was discovered. Bret Harte immortalized it as well as Twain, and to commemorate these two authors, and to revive the romance and historic lore of the Lode, Angel's Camp has become the self-designated "Home of the Jumping Frog."

Normally a town of 2,000 population, Angel's Camp, on the two days in the middle of May each year when hundreds of proud frog owners from every corner of the country bring their entries for the contest in everything from minnow buckets to shoe boxes, becomes a thing to behold. The spirit of a wild and shooting mining camp is upheld from the first whoop greeting the morning of the first day to the last bottle rolled down the street at the conclusion of the second day.

The champion frog of the past year and his owner are met at the town's border by a brass band. The mayor makes a speech of welcome to the frog. There are yowling Indians, yokes of ox teams, and mule jerkline teams. New frogs as they are taken from their containers to be exhibited and

boasted over are greeted with revolver shots. It takes a frog without nerves to come through at Angel's Camp.

The town is packed to the rafters. Murphy's Flat, a section set aside for tents and trailers, is completely covered by outfits that have come from as far away as the South Atlantic Coast or Canada. Beds are at a premium. If the foot rail in the bar of the single hotel in Angel's Camp doesn't give way under the weight of heavy boots planted on it, the Jubilee cannot be considered a success. The foot rail has failed to give way in only one instance, when in 1933 the old devil depression affected even frog jumping and no meet was held.

At the Jubilee last May, the eighth to be held, Mr. Brisbane's 25,000 people were on hand to watch the finals, when a frog named "Can't Take It" belied his name and hopped 12 feet, 3 inches to win first prize of \$150. Prizes, up to Roosevelt, were paid off in gold.

Angel's Camp is the more colorful for having chosen to provide no special grounds for its yearly battle of the amphibians. The frogs are jumped in the middle of the six-block long main street of the town in four roped-off arenas. These are a series of circles marked off so that the jumps can be calculated to see if they are worth measuring. In them stand officials with tape measures, and entrants with their frogs.

About the arenas are the frog jumping fans yelling lustily for their favorites to make extended efforts to put everything they have behind those abrupt, swift flights into the air.

There is no legal or officially acknowledged betting, but that doesn't mean that money isn't laid on shapely-looking pairs of legs, frog variety.

Any number of frogs may be entered by one person, at one dollar per frog entrance fee. Frog jumpers are mostly men, though a number of women appear with frogs that have impressed them with their jumping ability when observed down by the spring. Because frogs cannot be counted on to jump in any particular direction, they are not jumped competitively, but one by one.

A frog usually makes his best jump on the third hop after starting away. There is a sort of rhythm to this, as of warming-up in other sports. On account of this fact the triple-hop has been adopted as the professional method of measuring. Thus the frogs are allowed three consecutive jumps and the total distance from the starting point, to where they land after the third hop, is considered the jump.

Each one is allowed the best out of three tries. Frog jumping is most exciting when a frog, after making fine first or second hops, stops awhile to think it over before continuing on, or when he refuses to budge at all.

A frog jumps best away from sunlight and probably jumps in the first place to get away from something, usually from his owner, who is prodding him encouragingly and enthusiastically in the hinder quarters, generally with the middle finger, or from, at Angel's Camp, his most fervent backers who may be blazing away with their six-guns to scare him into a record jump.

Occasionally twigs are used to prod

the frogs, and, though it is about the only thing not allowed at Angel's Camp—probably because it smacks of modernity—they have been known to be started in some sections of the country with a slight electric shock in the part where it encourages them most.

A collection of jumping frogs is called a "stable." No fewer than six frogs can be properly called a stable. Several enthusiasts have stables of fifty or more frogs. They are bred, with pedigrees that will probably in time become as famous and intricate as blooded dogs. A thoroughbred pair, or even a famous male or female, has been known to reach a value of \$50. Such costly frogs in captivity are fed on live flies or extremely small pieces of raw beef.

It isn't easy to raise them successfully, and is best done when their natural conditions of living are reproduced for their homes. They want a pond, preferably swampy; a house, if only a few rocks containing miniature caverns; some grasses in which to lie and sing; and a place to sun themselves, undisturbed. A frog likes to be by himself more than he craves most human companionship.

Although any kind of frog may be classed as a jumping frog, there is a particular kind that has been established as making the best jumper. This is the Eastern Bullfrog, specie *Gyro Stennejer*, which is found most profusely near the small community of Ozona in Northern Florida. This is a longer frog for its weight than any other frog known, and doesn't get too big or ungainly to lift himself well into the air. Combining a lean body

with extremely long legs, he is able to jump greater distances than others.

The best jumpers are from two to four years old. Before two years they have not reached full development, and after four years they have come to the point where they are past the bloom of ambitious youth beyond the stage where they are more content to lay in a pond croaking at a possible mate than jumping. Frogs live, by the way, to thirty years.

Most amateur frog jumpers make the mistake of thinking that the bigger the frog the better the jumper. But the big bullfrogs that grow up to five-and-a-half pounds get nowhere alongside their slimmer-hipped brothers. A good jumping frog in the pink of condition should weigh about eleven ounces. He will have a body length of around five inches and a leg spread of approximately seven.

On the other hand the late "Woco Pep," of Wauchula, Florida, who for some years held the former world's record hop of 13 feet, 7 inches, was a spring frog weighing one-and-a-half pounds. There seems to be no difference between the jumping ability of the male and the female, thus making sex equality in the frog jumping world quite sociable.

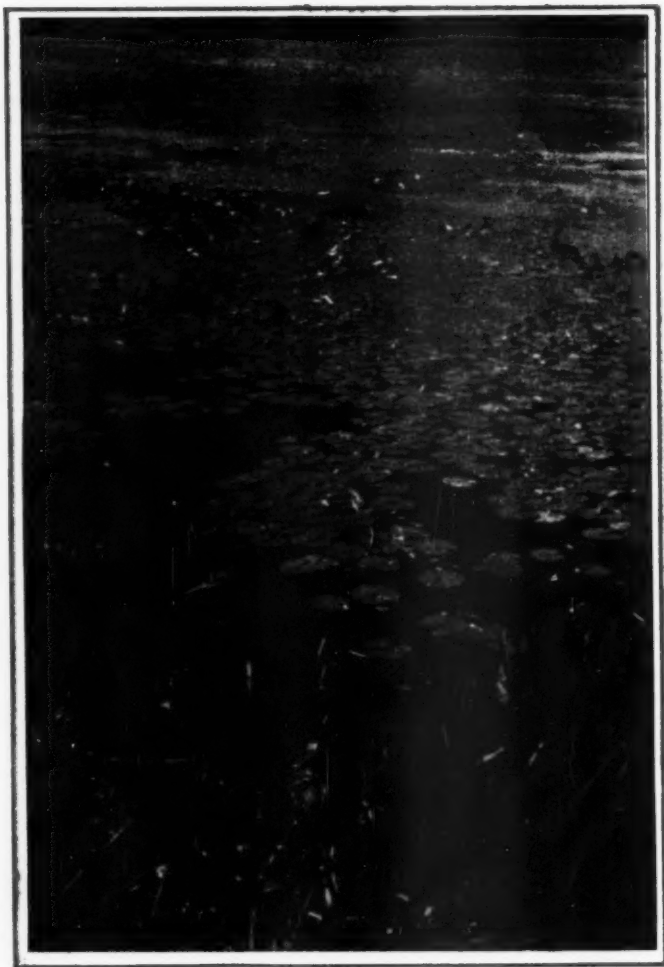
Although it is usually found that the winners in most frog jumping contests are frogs that have been taken fresh out of wild ponds or creeks just before they are asked to jump, and have been handled as little as possible and kept in a cool, dark container, this is probably because contests have as yet never been conducted properly. At Angel's Camp it's a lot of fun, but it isn't very sci-



FIELD OF MOSS ROSES

Coronet's color-cameraman paused on route 51 below Stevens Point, Wis., to admire this splash of color. "Color," said the woman who raises them, "you should've seen 'em last year, when they were *really* colorful." And she was off after cranberries—"there's color!"

NOVEMBER, 1936



FIELD OF WATER LILIES

Coronet's color-cameraman paused at this lake above Rhineland, Wis., to catch a shot of six small boys in one boat, fighting for the privilege of rowing. But the kids were out of range before the camera was focused. Still, no regrets . . . when you consider these lilies.

CORONET

entific. Few people understand frogs or know how to train them to bring out the best in them.

Mr. Franc Thiel, a frog fancier of San Jose, California, has a good deal to say about this. "I think I am the only frog handler that really knows frogs," he states. His stable of frogs going through its paces pretty well backs up his statement. His frogs are all of the Eastern Bullfrog variety and never have to be encouraged, by touching or prodding in any way, to jump when they are called upon to do so. Mr. Thiel has trained them to be put on a starting line and, when called by name, to begin to jump.

They will actually come to him when called, and will perform such tricks as hopping up and down in clips made of boards and jumping through hoops. They have recently performed credibly in this way for the newsreels, and if you run across any of these, they are something not to be missed. The only unfortunate part of frog training is that the frogs hibernate and when they emerge they have forgotten everything they ever learned, even their own names, and must be trained all over again. This is embarrassing, but nothing to stop a real frog jumping practioner.

Mr. Thiel scorns the way frogs are

started to jump off a bare macadam street at Angel's Camp and has promulgated a better method. This consists of a flat cement block, one-half inch thick and about six inches square, with a quarter-inch screen mesh fastened on top of the block so as to give the frog proper footing with his webbed feet. This approximates the natural footing of the frog, which a smooth, hard surface does not. Landing, soft belly first on a hard street isn't any too easy, either.

One of Mr. Thiel's frogs, a three-year old named "Old Gold," has made a triple leap of 15 feet, 9 inches, using the improved kind of platform for a start. The present official world's record is 14 feet, 8 inches, made several years ago at Angel's Camp by "Budweiser," owned by Mr. Louis R. Fisher of Stockton, California. "Budweiser" won the championship two years in succession, which meant that he was greeted by two brass bands and got accustomed to mayors giving him a speech of welcome.

With a little more science, if only in the department of the starting line, it is evident that the world's record for this plain but appealing sport will go up quite literally by leaps and bounds and also hops.

—THEODORE PRATT

THE MAN IN A MILLION

"You're Mr. Charles V. Wisby?"

"Yes."

"I'm representing the *Daily Blast*, and I understand that you've just been awarded the Toble Prize for originality during the last year. Is that right?"

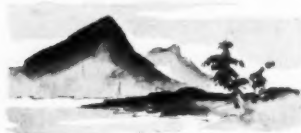
"Yes, I got it."

"I'm sure you'll be glad to grant me a brief interview. Could you tell me just how it was you happened to win it?"

"Certainly. It was like this: When last summer ended, I said it seemed to me that it didn't go a bit faster than any other summer I'd ever seen."

THE BROKEN WING

ORIENTAL VARIATION ON THE OLD
THEME: "PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF"



Honorable Chief of Police Ito Fajisama, stationed on the island of Oshima in Japan, scratched his head thoughtfully, and a slight frown, like that made by a stone in a still lake, grew in severity on his fat little face, dislodging his glasses from focus.

Finally he wrote in his little black book, neatly and with sobriety: "*Attempted Suicide, three; Suicides, none.* The former of which are awaiting deportation back to Tokyo at an early and immediate convenience." Then he put away the book and thought.

On Oshima is the notorious Mihariyama, mighty monster of volcanos, with devil's gas and sulphur brewing in its bottomless gulf. Ever since a young couple frustrated in love had declared their dissatisfaction with the world and had forsaken humanity with good taste and the formal poem of farewell, Mihara had been thronged with imitators. The government had undertaken to stop the wave of one-way ticket buyers to Oshima, and had placed Fajisama there to stop them.

Every morning at four he arose on the dot, ate carefully and with appetite the morning rice and small loaves that Kiyoko had left for him. Then he buckled on his sword of au-

thority and marched forth to the docks of the steamship company, where he stationed his round shortness near the clicking turnstile and contemplated with cunning eyes the faces of those bound for a holiday to Mihara.

Had Fajisama been born an American, he would have been a constable in a small New England town, badged with the pseudonym "Eagle Eye." But as it was, the heavenly hosts decreed that he live as a son of Nippon, and he existed with the gravity and propriety that is fitting in the Land of the Rising Sun. In his little cottage on the lower slope of Mihari, together with Kiyoko, he was not unhappy.

When he first came to the island a year before, the foreboding aspect of the place troubled him. Indeed Kiyoko had not yet become reconciled to it. When the boat docks at the pier, and the throbbing engines cease churning, a mightier sound is taken up in the distance. There comes the dismal noise as of a great beast roaring, and occasionally the earth trembles.

On his first ascent, when Fajisama scaled the crater and peered over at the great pit yawning before him, bottomless and apparently filled with

devils which flung poison clouds of vapour about him in pungent, stifling clouds, his heart trembled. The beast had temperament. On some days there would be little eruption; on other days—if one came close enough, which Fajisama did not—huge boulders and rocks burst into the air, and a spitting, fuming geyser of steam and lava offal kept even the most foolhardy away. There were no suicides that day.

There were strange stories about Mihari, stories that even Fajisama would not repeat. The bodies of those who had died, it was rumored, were alive inside the bowels of the crater, and were doomed to live there forever. At night weird sounds and hell-flame beat luridly about the cone, and the cries of souls in torment might be heard.

Naturally enough, when a supervisor, dignified with authority and white uniform, visited Oshima on his monthly tour of inspection, Fajisama scoffed at these stories, knowing that the scientific mind of the new Japan took no stock in such ancient superstitions. Then he became prompt and efficient, trotted out record after record, pointing here and there to show a diligence that was remarkable. Here were the number of arrests made, here the fees collected and suicides deterred, all written in Fajisama's handwriting as perfect and straight as if a ruler had turned writer and could not forget its ancestry.

Only three times since his coming, had he brought out the records with an apology. In some unaccountable manner two women and a man had slipped through his vigilant fingers,

left their belongings and a note of farewell, and had gone down to Mihara's insatiable depths.

The efficient supervisor had clicked his teeth, and Fajisama shivered. "I most humbly apologize and repeat the fault is mine. The regrettable occurrence will of course not happen again, honorable one." And then, being a diplomat, he called: "Kiyoko—bring out the best wine for the honorable supervisor!"

At the dock entrance, Fajisama scanned the crowd swiftly. Vacationers mostly—that old man carrying a bag and munching—not he—no one goes to his death eating sweetmeats. Fajisama's mind selected each face from the crowd and weighed it carefully, looking for telltale traces of a bowed head, a hysterical laugh, a surreptitious glance. A boy and girl, hand in hand, hurried through furtively. He went over and pulled them aside.

"*Ohayo!* I beg respectful pardon." He bowed low from the waist. "Chief of Police Ito Fajisama. You are, perhaps, bound for Mahari?"

The girl bowed her head. The young man, his face set with purpose—"Yes."

"You are, perhaps, married?" Fajisama probed.

Both shook their heads and clutched each other's fingers tightly.

"But you are in love with each other—yes?" Two quick nods.

"Look here," the young man blurted, "I don't care who you are. We're going to Mahari!"

"Yes, but not so quickly." Fajisama used the interval to sift the crowd once more. "It is better to wait a

while. Even the storm tires itself out and leaves itself unable to blow down a blade of grass."

Apologetically. "Your honorable parents, perhaps, disapprove of your marriage?"

"How did you know?"

"Ah, it is my work to know. And is it not true, also, *jisatsu suru*, that you were about to leave the earth by way of Mahari?"

Both hung their heads in acknowledgment.

"I thought so. Yes, I did. Young fools!" he chattered reprovingly. "To leave the earth in vexation over a silly problem."

The young man threw a wistful glance towards the horizon, where Mihara's snout belched brown smoke and thunder.

"I myself will write to your esteemed parents," Fajisama went on, gazing carefully at the crowd still streaming through the gate, "and arrange permission for your betrothal."

It was the young woman who spoke this time, in a tearful voice. "We are grateful," she said. "Our first-born shall be blessed with your name."

"Good," said Fajisama. "Now back to your parents and to life: Ah, how this hole would be filled with dead were my presence elsewhere. Excuse me, please," he said hurriedly, "but if I am not mistaken there is a young man walking towards the crater bearing a look that has grown familiar to me. Goodbye." He hurried off, his body waddling with the undulation of his steps.

"Young man!" he called "Young man, one moment, please."

The young man paused uncertainly, then turned around. He was dressed in expensive clothes and carried a book. To Fajisama this was sufficient.

"Where are you going?" he inquired politely.

"To the crater." Curtly. "What affair is it of yours?"

"None, honorable one. I was but inquiring. I was on my way to Mahari myself. I was lonely—and unhappy." He shot a quick look at the other. "Misery often walks best with guests."

"Come along then, old one. We shall die together."

They walked along the path winding towards the crater. Above them dark smoke pushed sullenly towards the sky, envious of a small cloud's whiteness.

"You are, doubtless, from Tokyo, from one of our best families," Fajisama offered.

The other kept a stubborn silence.

"There is to be an election soon in Tokyo," Fajisama tried again. "Are the political banners flying yet?"

The young man sniffed and held his tongue.

Fajisama eyed the book in the other's hand. "Have you written your farewell poem?"

The young man's expression changed instantly and grew animated with interest.

"That I have done, old one—nothing great, of course—" He pulled out a piece of paper from his *furoshiki* and handed it to Fajisama.

Fajisama adjusted his glasses and read slowly from the poem:

"He mingles with the high ones,
My mighty Sovereign Lord;

And with intensely yearning heart
I follow heavenward."

"Excellent!" he said, with a glance of admiration towards his companion. "Worthy of the greatest of poets."

"It is really nothing," modestly returned the young man. "I have done better."

"Indeed!" marveled Fajisama. "And yet you seek to deprive us of such august poetry. What is this great sorrow of yours that could end so great a career?"

The young man's face grew long and dejected. "I can no longer continue living—I am disgraced."

"I listen with both ears," Fajisama said.

"A manuscript of my poems has been rejected by six publishers. It is not fitting that I continue to inhabit the earth."

Fajisama's eyes waxed wrathful. "The ignorant fools! To refuse such poetry as yours. Why, you rank with the highest, with Riyo-zen, even!"

"Do you really think so?" the young man faltered.

"Without a doubt! Seldom, if at all, have I read poetry of such passion, such restraint, and such nobility."

"If I could be sure—"

"Your poetry speaks for itself. With an intelligent publisher, which you will, no doubt, soon find, you will go far."

He paused as they stood before the crater. Boiling clouds of sulphur churned in the black hole. Both glanced down into the seething abyss. Fajisama's face was inscrutable. The young man looked as if he wanted to lie down.

"Choose," Fajisama urged softly, picking the best moment. "Is it this—and oblivion, or a triumphant and honorable career as a poet?"

When they stood at the dock, and the *Kiku Mara* was churning impatiently for its return trip to Tokyo, the young man shook Fajisama's hand warmly.

"Who are you?" he asked, "Who have saved me from such a horrible and untimely death?"

Fajisama smiled, and said, "Yes. Honorable Chief of Police of Oshima. Farewell—and live on to honor and success." He held out his hand, and the young man shook it warmly.

"I shall send you, immediately upon publication, an autographed copy of my first book," he promised. "I am exceedingly obliged."

Fajisama watched as the *Kiku Mara* pulled anchor and drubbed its way out to sea. His eye held it until the boat became a small white speck on the pale green horizon, then he sighed and turned his eyes back to Mahari's smoking mount.

Then he pulled out his little black book, carefully thumbed over to a dated page, and inscribed in his perfect hand: *Attempted Suicides, three; Suicides, none. Likewise, none detained.* He glanced at the sinking sun and proceeded home.

When he arrived near the entrance of his little cottage, set on the one bit of greenness near Mihara's ravaged slope, he glanced down with an exclamation. A starling lay churning the grass, one wing stiffly outstretched and broken. He picked it up tenderly and held it in his palm.

"A broken wing," he said. "It is

decreed that I implant the will to live in those more unfortunate than I." And he entered the house and called to his wife.

"Kiyoko," he said. "A *muku-dori* has broken a wing near our door. Obtain for me a short splint and a bandage—a small one, please." He glanced a trifle impatiently at Kiyoko, who was obdurately standing still. She was becoming intolerable of late. Even his rice was cold that morning, he remembered.

"Well, wife—."

"You are forever saving those about to die," she accused. "You never have time for the living!" She disappeared abruptly into the kitchen and appeared with bandages and splints.

Fajisama skillfully set the broken wing and bound it tightly with the bandage. "There, little one," he said. "Soon you will be able to fly again—." And he put the bird gently into a cage at one end of the small room.

Then he turned to Kiyoko to answer her accusations. It was his way. Never with haste, always slowly and with careful judgment.

"Those that are living," said Fajisama, "are able to take care of themselves. Those that are about to die need assistance. Even the hunter spares the frightened bird which takes refuge in his bosom."

"But—" protested his wife.

"Quiet, wife, when I am speaking. Today, for example, had it not been for my eternal vigilance, there would have been three swallowed by Mahari's hunger. Two young ones, a boy and a girl, and a young man of fine family. A poet. An excellent poet, by the way. Oh, yes."

"And you are so sure that everything you do is best, honorable husband?"

"If it is in accordance with my best judgment, yes."

"You will be surprised some day, husband."

"You speak like a school-teacher, Kiyoko," he reproved. "And in the meanwhile I grow famished."

She set before him his food, and he ate frugally, nibbling at his ox-meat, small loaves and rice, and drinking his tea with soft lip strokes. When he had finished and gone over to give the crumbs to the starling, Kiyoko shot them both a glance of indignation.

"Bring me ink and paper, Kiyoko," he said. "I must write a few letters. The honorable supervisor will be here tomorrow at sundown, and I must have my papers in order."

The letter to the parents of the young couple he had saved from death was a masterpiece. He said so to Kiyoko, reading it aloud:

"Honorable parents: Your children have taken it upon themselves to leave the earth. It is because of your objections to a marriage. I, Ito Fajisama, Chief of Police of the Island of Oshima, was able to turn them aside from such a fate in the knowledge that you would rather have them married than dead. Therefore, I send them back to you with all good wishes that you will do what is a parent's duty and honorable. It is prudent to give liberally to the gods. My fee for this letter and trouble ensued is three yen, thank you.

Respectfully,

Ito Fajisama, Chief of Police
Province of Oshima, Japan

"A good letter," he said. "I should have been a poet."

"Ito," his wife ventured.

"Yes? What now?" He glanced out of the window at Mahari, now squatting purple against the fading bronzed sky.

"I do not like to complain constantly—but how much longer, please, must I sit on this island like a crane upon a dung heap?"

"It is decreed—"

"Begging my honorable husband's pardon, it is not so. You have but to put in your application for a transfer. If you so wished it we could be near Tokyo. It is Mahari. I have seen it. It has bewitched your mind, Ito. You think you are a heavenly messenger, sent here to save lost souls."

"Kiyoko," Fajisama said, wrinkling his jaw. "You are a shrew!"

"And begging your pardon again, you are a—a—selfish—a selfish—*Ahi*, that I should live such a life of neglect," she wailed, weeping and running from the room.

"Ahh—woman!" Fajisama said, and in those words sent the entire feminine world to the bottom of Mahari. And yet he was sorely troubled. With a heavy heart he went to the door, barred it, looked in at the starling, which was crouched desolately in a corner of the cage, the bandaged wing spread out stiffly, like a pleading hand. He felt its frightened heart throbbing between his thumb and forefinger, and thought of the time when he first married, and how happy he had been.

"*Hoila*," he murmured. "Tomorrow will be another day." And he blew out the lamp, undressed and

waddled off to bed.

As was his habit, he arose punctually at four o'clock, and dressed methodically in his immaculate white uniform. He girded his Samurai sword about his waist, nibbled at a bit of breakfast and glanced in at his wife, who was pitching and tossing in her sleep. In his own way he loved her. Gazing at her tenderly, he thought: "If the gods are willing—in a few months, perhaps—I will apply to my honorable superiors for a transfer. She will assuredly be happy then."

He left the house, and breathed deeply the tang in the morning air, swept up from the sea. The sun was dappling the dawn with a young orange. "The sun is setting in New York," he thought. "*Ahi*, what a peculiar world!"

When he returned from Mahari at noon, he sensed at once that something disastrous had occurred. Fajisama's perception was of the highest, except where his wife was concerned. First, the door to the cottage was wide open, something it had never been before—Kiyoko was such a careful housekeeper. And secondly—he had almost stepped on it—the body of the forlorn little *muku-dori* with the bandaged wing, lay dead on the path, its neck wrung. He picked it up tenderly, and placed it on the grass underneath a small fir-tree, then resumed his walk to the house.

"Kiyoko!" he called. "Kiyoko! Where are you, wife?"

His voice sounded singularly plaintive and lost. He went from room to room. The drawers of the rude cabinet where she kept her clothes were open and accusing. A chair was

overturned in the middle of the room, and the bed was unmade. Fajisama opened his mouth as if to say something, then closed it again abruptly. A note on the cabinet caught his eye. He took it and wet his thumb to open it. His lips moved slowly with each word.

"Ito," it read. "I can no longer abide this cursed spot. I have already respectfully gone to my honorable elders. I no longer desire to live under your roof. Farewell—and don't forget the goose fat for your cough. There is rice in the pantry on the second shelf. Kiyoko."

He stood there gravely, blinking his eyes. Then he cleared his throat. There was a silence, interrupted by Mihari booming dully in the distance. He glanced out of the window absent-mindedly to the place where two curves on either side rose sharply to a cone.

After a while, he went into the living room, took paper, ink, and pen, and wrote two letters in his exact hand. Then he proceeded to bring his entries and records up to date for the entire month. He really would like to write a poem, he thought. He wanted to quite badly, but his mind was a path beset with pitfalls. He glanced out at the barren land, and forced himself, with great effort, to concentrate. Then he wrote, without pausing:

"He mingles with the high ones,
My mighty Sovereign Lord;
And with intensely yearning heart
I follow heavenward."

"Excellent!" he muttered. A good poem. He had missed his vocation. He should have been a poet. Laying

the letters and the poem carefully on the table, he unbuckled his sword of authority and laid it on top of the letter addressed to "Honorable Supervisor of Police." Then he washed his hands thoroughly, and changed to native clothes, tying the knot of his sandals several times before he was satisfied. After he had put on his hat, he took one last look about the house, slid the door shut carefully, and set off towards Mahari.

Over the crater, he could see the smoke, great clouds of sulphur streaked with steam, charging towards the heavens. He had never seen the crater as active.

With intense horror, Fajisama saw a man climbing the slope ahead of him. He waddled ahead faster and observed. A definite desperate type, one to be handled skillfully. Habit was strong in Fajisama. He called in Japanese vernacular:

"Hey, you!"

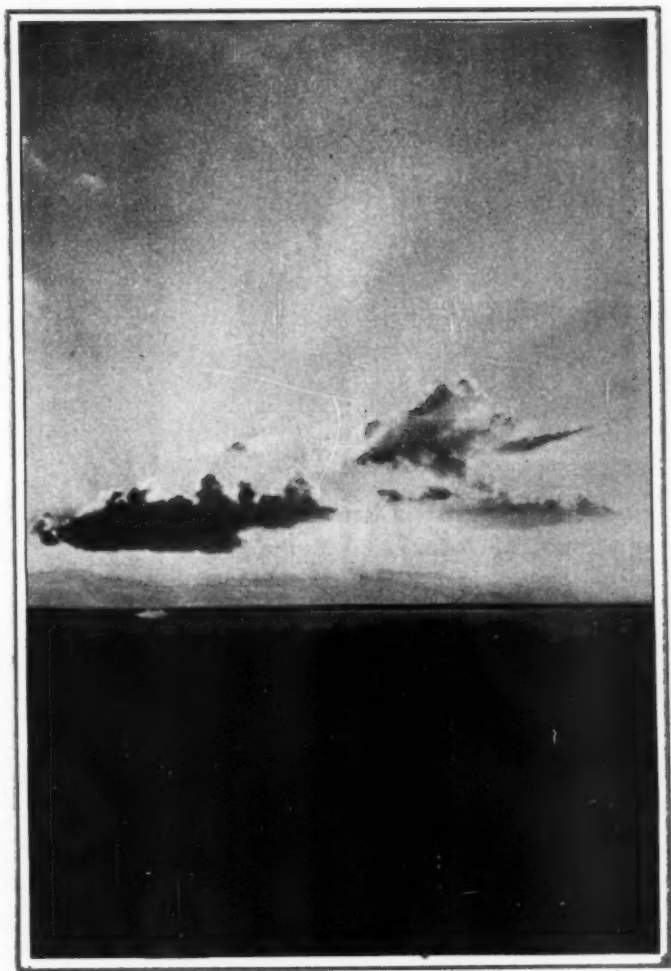
The man turned around sullenly. "What do you wish?"

"You cannot go through with your original plan," Fajisama agitatedly remonstrated. "It is hardly the right thing to do."

"No?" said the man. "My life is my own."

Here was an unalterable truth. An atheist. Fajisama was at a loss for a moment.

"But think of the consequences," he urged. "You are running away from yourself—otherwise you would not be here. And what will you be after you resign yourself to Mahari?" he demanded. "I will tell you, because I am fully acquainted with the situation in its entirety. You will be



ON THE ROAD TO STURGEON BAY

Wisconsin has only a finger to match Michigan's thumb, on the map, but this narrow stretch from Green Bay to Sturgeon Bay makes up in beauty for lack in size. There's no place to go but back again, so few tourists, no billboards, no hot dog stands . . . ah, Paradise!

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"Send Marie over with my lounging pajamas"

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nothing! They say," he said, his voice dropping to an impressive whisper—"they say that the souls of those who die in Mahari are doomed forever to walk about in pain."

The would-be suicide listened, his eyes growing wide and terrified, until with a sudden cry of fear, he turned and ran down the slope.

Fajisama nodded approvingly, and made a mental note. Persuasion must be as powerful as desperation in order to offset it. Acting is useful, too. He pulled out his little black book and wrote in his precise hand: "Attempted Suicides, *one*." Then he paused and slowly wrote: "Suicides, *one*." He put the little book on the ground near the seething mouth of the crater. A gust of wind blew his hat into the

yawning hole.

"Surely, now is the time," he murmured, "to apply those principles of philosophy which I have so well applied to others, always with unqualified success." And he scratched his chin thoughtfully.

But his mind seethed with the thunder of the crater, and his eyes were drawn to the weird pattern that a winding corkscrew of black steam and smoke made as it belched out of the hell ahead of him. A gust of wind preened the back of his hair like a peacock's tail.

"*Ahi!*" he exclaimed. "It is a heavenly decree!" And he bowed swiftly three times to the north, made an obeisance to heaven and walked resolutely forward.

—IVAN SANDROF

QUESTIONNAIRE FOR MANY A WOMAN

"How do you do, Mrs. Smith. When does your husband act like that?"

"Always."

"Thank you. Now how about that salad you had at the Elite Tearoom!"

"It was the most delicious thing I ever put in my mouth."

"Very good. And how did Frank Thatcher strike you when he told you that story about his butcher?"

"Honestly, he was the funniest thing I ever listened to."

"I see. That's a cute child isn't it?"

"Cute! Really, she's the most adorable thing I ever laid eyes on."

"Mrs. Smith, you've been playing bridge for fifteen years. When have you ever held good cards?"

"Never."

"I hear you saw *Daredevil Dot* the

other night. How did you like it?"

"Oh! It was the most awful movie I ever saw."

"How did you like *The Crisis*?"

"I should say I did. It was the most marvelous picture I ever went to."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that. Say, how did you like that tricky dessert they served at the Graysons?"

"Honestly, it was the most delicious thing I ever put—"

"Careful, now."

"What?"

"I said careful. Remember what you said about the salad at the Elite?"

"Oh—yes. It was the most—I mean—well, it certainly was excellent, and I think you're the nastiest man I ever laid eyes on. Good-bye!"

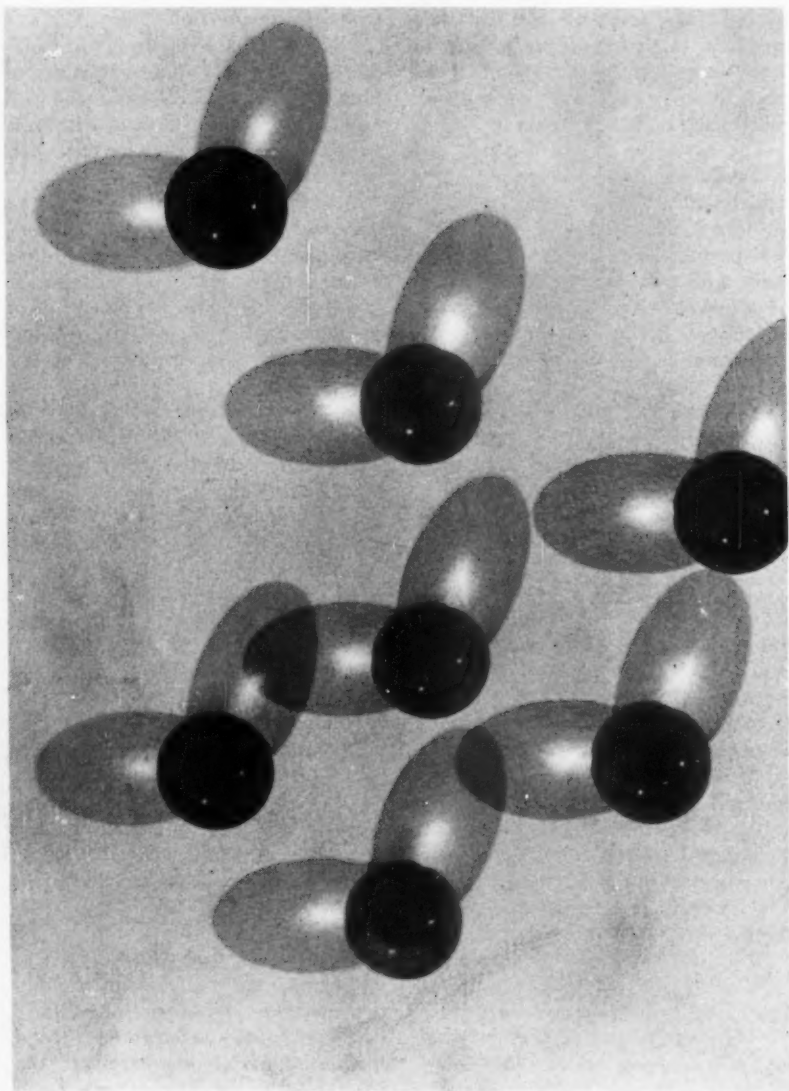
—ROLFE RANDOLPH

PAGIN

INCO

NATION

ORRECT



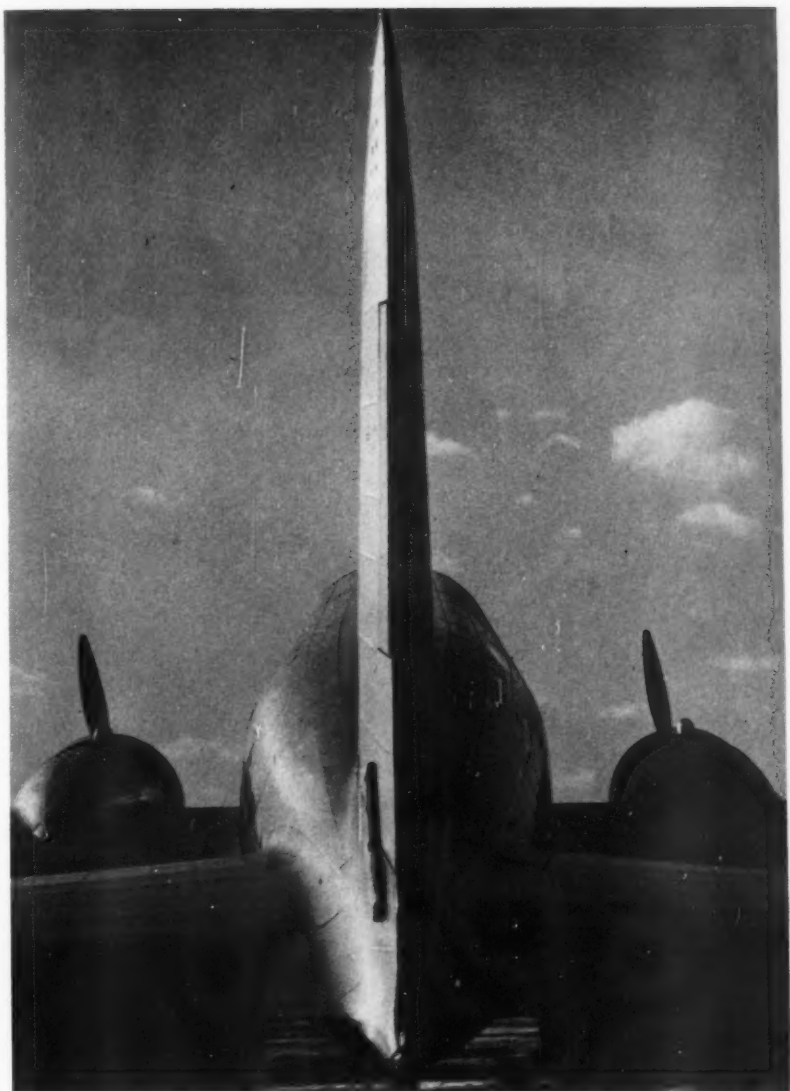
PHYLLIS BURR ARCHER

NEW YORK

PHANTOM FLIGHT

CORONET

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DMITRI KESSEL

NEW YORK

SKY KNIFE

NOVEMBER, 1936



NELLA R. GALVIN

LIMA, OHIO

SWAN

CORONET

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DON WALLACE

CHICAGO

... ONLY WITH THINE EYES

NOVEMBER, 1936

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JOHN W. SHEERES

ELIZABETH, N. J.

RHYTHM OF LINE

CORONET



JAN HELDERS

OTTAWA, CAN.

WAGON WHEELS

NOVEMBER, 1936



KENNETH DUDLEY SMITH

NEW YORK

MANHATTAN CORNER

CORONET



JOHN W. SHEERES

ELIZABETH, N. J.

COLUMBUS DAY

NOVEMBER, 1936



"Put in two of everything—I often have arguments with my wife"

CORONET



*"Earthquakes in Minnesota, Oregon, Texas, Idaho, Utah, New York—
there must be a mouse in it"*

NOVEMBER, 1936



"Hello Chief—night is softly falling—silent, calm, peaceful"

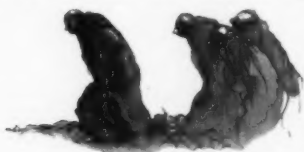


"Don't be afraid, darling—they can't get in"

NOVEMBER, 1936

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

I. TIMOTHEUS TREBITSCH-LINCOLN,
FIRST IN A NEW ROGUE'S GALLERY



No man of the modern era has come closer than Ignatius Timotheus Trebitsch-Lincoln to combining in himself the seemingly unattainable combination of the wit and gaminerie of an Eulenspiegel, the infinite resourcefulness of a Count of Monte Cristo, the superlative histrionico of a Mussolini and the incredible crust of a Capone.

Ignatius Timotheus Trebitsch-Lincoln is not even his real name. He was born Isaac Trebitsch, fifty-eight years ago, and was so known to the villagers of his native Paks, in Hungary. He was close to graduation from the famous Rabbinical Seminary in Pressburg when, for some juvenile delinquency, a change of residence was indicated. In London, Isaac Trebitsch, the near-rabbi, became a convert to the Episcopal faith, after listening to a street-corner missionary in Whitechapel. It was the first of four conversions, and he changed his name to Ignatius Timotheus to fit his new character. They sent him off to Canada to proselytize for the Church of England among the Canadian Jews. He could not leave without some memento of the missionary through whom he had heard the call of his new faith, so he

lifted his gold watch and chain in the farewell embrace.

Back in England, his return from Canada hastened by some money trouble in Montreal, he became the shepherd of a flock of his own in Appledore Parish. It proved, unfortunately, to be hardly worth shearing, to one of Ignatius Timotheus' mounting ambition. He found, however, in a Quaker cocoa manufacturer of affluent circumstances and philanthropic tendencies, *hight B. Seebohm Rountree*, a golden fleece that was so tempting to his sharpened shears, that he forthwith chucked the Church of England and turned Quaker, the better to serve his newfound patron saint in the capacity of private secretary and "personal advisor."

His new duties left him more leisure than he had enjoyed as a rector, and he filled in the time with a new hobby. He took up spying for the Imperial German Government as a sideline to the service of *B. Seebohm Rountree*. That good Quaker seems to have been as gullible as he was generous, or perhaps his childlike faith in Ignatius Timotheus may be ascribed to the fact that even then, circa 1910, the Trebitsch faculty for persuasion was beginning to achieve



*"You appear only once in this picture. You enter and say 'Oh!'—
now go home and memorize your part"*

NOVEMBER, 1936



*"There I was on deck with my wife and my fiddle—of course
I couldn't save them both"*

CORONET

that mastery that was later to take in the wildest of diplomats, let alone a mere cocoa maker. In any case, it was not long before he had convinced Mr. Rountree that the House of Commons needed the Trebitsch talents and that the cocoa profits could not be better invested than in the cause of putting him there. The name Ignatius Timotheus Trebitsch being particularly unappealing in its outlandish syllables to the provincial ears of English voters, it was changed to I. T. T. Lincoln, the harsh foreign syllables being assimilated into the British-sounding three initials preceding the very English name of Lincoln. So, in the conservative district of Darlington, against the Tory Pike Pease whose family had represented the district in Parliament man and boy for three generations, a newly naturalized British subject arose as the champion of the people and the Liberal candidate, I. T. T. Lincoln, to whom after the election came warm and personal messages of congratulation from such notables of his party as David Lloyd George and Sir Edward Grey. That a Chinaman might have been elected as well as a disguised Hungarian, under the Liberal landslide which swept I. T. T. Lincoln into office, detracts little from his achievement in gaining the implicit faith of B. Seeböhm Rountree, a faith that was not to falter even when, five years later, Mr. Lincoln, M. P., was to forge the Rountree signature to a bill of exchange for nine hundred pounds.

Self assured as he has always been, not even Trebitsch-Lincoln realized how completely he had won Mr.

Rountree over, for he fled to America when the bill of exchange came due and the exposure of the forgery was imminent, assuming that Rountree would prosecute. Rountree, full of brotherly love for his fellow Quaker, Trebitsch-Lincoln, refused to prosecute, but by that time Trebitsch-Lincoln was the favorite of foreign news editors in New York where, waving his letters from Lloyd George and Viscount Grey as passports wherever he wanted to go, the ex-member of Parliament was writing newspaper articles, giving interviews and even interviewing himself.

Emboldened by the breadth of the Atlantic, Trebitsch-Lincoln became more and more detailed in his "revelations" of English treachery, stupidity and intrigue, with the result that the British Foreign Office anticipated by some years that strategy which could convict a gangster not of murder but of tax evasion, and despite the disinclination to prosecute on the part of the aggrieved party, used the Rountree forgery with which to extradite Trebitsch-Lincoln, the terms of the extradition treaty permitting removal for criminal, though not for political, offenses. Thus was Trebitsch-Lincoln finally cornered and on behalf of the British brought to the Raymond Street Jail in Brooklyn.*

Realizing that no technicalities could save him, he became accommodating, even eager to co-operate with his captors. Upon several occasions he volunteered to enlighten the proper authorities on the subject of German espionage in the then neutral United States, a subject, incidentally, of which he knew nothing. But to give

up this information meant to leave the Raymond Street Jail in Brooklyn for the Federal Building in Manhattan, a journey he made several times in the custody of federal agents. In the course of a number of these trips, he became well acquainted with one of the agents, Francis T. Johnson, their friendship ripening so fast under the warmth of the Trebitsch-Lincoln brand of personal persuasion that it was no trick at all, one raw Saturday afternoon in January, to induce the agent to stop on the return to the Raymond Street Jail for a cup of coffee. Nor did it seem less reasonable to the agent in question, upon coming into the cozy warmth of a lunch counter at Fulton and Pierrepont Streets from the cold air outside, that Trebitsch-Lincoln should wish to repair to the lavatory. It was but a matter of a minute and the agent could see the washroom door from the counter where he sat. He could also see that the place boasted no back door. He could not, unfortunately, see the washroom window, which opened out on an alley. It had opened, in fact, when upon the failure of his charge to return in a reasonable length of time he went to investigate and found the washroom empty and the window yawning wide.

Fearing for his job, Johnson chose to search on his own, and in vain, over the week end before reporting to his superior officer the escape of Trebitsch-Lincoln. His superior, assuming that he had returned his prisoner to the Raymond Street Jail, thought nothing of his failure to report before Monday morning, while the Raymond Street authorities, know-

ing that their by now famous captive was in Federal custody, thought nothing of the fact that the government had apparently decided to keep him over the week end. Poor Johnson, of course, was suspended.

Files of the New York papers show that for almost five weeks a standing bulletin was the official statement of the Department of Justice that "the capture of Trebitsch-Lincoln is only a matter of hours." The merry chase was a cause célèbre, the official embarrassment being twice deepened by the impudent daring of the quarry. From "Somewhere in the Bronx," he addressed a note to his publishers, commenting on the publicity value of the seething headlines as a sales-help to the story that he was then preparing about his escape and flight. And into the office of the New York *American*, when the chase was at its wildest, he walked to give a published interview, walking out again a step and a half ahead of the outraged agents of the Department of Justice. The number and nature of his disguises became a point of pride with him while the agents were hunting him. One day he walked the streets as an up state farmer, another as a Catholic priest, again as a drunken sailor. Most embarrassing detail of all, he boasted that he made it a habit to frequent, in each of these disguises, the restaurant in the very building where Captain O'flley of the Department of Justice had his office, a nicety he did not forget to communicate to the gleeful and admiring gentlemen of the press.

No reproach can be offered to Trebitsch-Lincoln's applied histrionics. His stage settings and makeup

were well matched, his situations rather well timed. The only drawback in his dramatic performance, if one may be forgiven for saying so was his constant milking of his audience for applause, by repeating his lines too often and too loudly. Even to casual acquaintances he would confide:—"I am a British subject but hate England. I am an important German spy." It was just one too many of such remarks as that which furnished the police with a definite lead to his whereabouts, and secret service men caught up with him at last on Broadway near Thirtieth Street where they hustled him into a taxicab and drove him to the Department of Justice Headquarters, where they hustled him back to England.

The trial in London was speedy and for the first and only time in his life, Trebitsch-Lincoln was sentenced to prison and served his full term of three years. But his confinement afforded no relief to this troubled world. People could hardly conceive him under lock and key for long. It was claimed that he had a hand in the Russian Revolution, in the Bela Kun Communist turmoil in Hungary, and in Czarist restoration movements in Siberia.

After three years Trebitsch-Lincoln was again a free man. The British Government, however, weary of his disturbances, cancelled his English naturalization and saw fit to deport him to Germany. For Trebitsch-Lincoln it meant that he must begin life anew. Here he was in Germany, a Deutschland without a Kaiser, a sad situation indeed. Sad enough to offer a Trebitsch-Lincoln unlimited pros-

pects. Without loss of time he affiliated himself with the monarchist movement. He was no stranger to the party for they remembered his martyrdom, suffered at the hands of the British for the Fatherland. He was the logical intermediary between the party and the exiled Emperor. Several times he met the Kaiser secretly at Amerongen to discuss with him the future destiny of his now crumbled empire.

The way was being paved for an effective coup d'etat. A group of army officers and civilians, led by Wolfgang Kapp, conspired to overthrow the republican government of Germany. Trebitsch-Lincoln was one of the seven important figures who held the key to the plot. It turned out to be the violent Kapp Putsch of 1920. They seized the capital and set up a new German Government. Trebitsch-Lincoln became the Dr. Goebbels of the new regime—Chief Censor and Director of Propaganda. For four days the new leaders held sway. But luck was not with them. A general national strike ensued, paralyzing the country. Drastic orders were dispatched but not obeyed. Militia were summoned but failed to appear. The putsch was a fiasco, and the leaders ran for their lives.

But the confreres in the provinces, ignorant of the outcome of the putsch, remained isolated. They were unaware of what was happening in the capital due to the censorship which Trebitsch-Lincoln had imposed. A Bavarian leader, one Corporal Adolf Hitler, became particularly alarmed, and from Munich wired his comrade, Trebitsch-Lincoln, that he was flying

to the capital. Trebitsch-Lincoln met him at the airport, warned him of the ebbing tide of their fortunes, and thus, by turning him back, saved Hitler from prison and perhaps, even, from death. Jews will doubtless consider this the one unforgivable sin in the checkered career of the former student for the Rabbinate!

This was just the proper moment for the diplomat at large to take a vacation. But no breathing spell was to be had. Although his business trips from country to country were taken hurriedly and unexpectedly to the extent of developing into a habit, he never permitted even the closest students of his colorful career to anticipate the nature or scene of his next exploit.

In his newest transaction he had some special features to offer, but it turned out again that his efforts met with no appreciation. As a matter of fact, the Czechoslovak Republic still owes him 300,000 Czech crowns which to this very day they persistently decline to pay.

It came about this way. A number of important documents, secured from the Austrian Foreign Office, proving that an invasion of Austria by the Hungarian Army was imminent, came into the possession of Trebitsch-Lincoln, the ever accommodating mediator. If the invasion succeeded, Czechoslovakia was doomed. The documents exposing this dastardly plot were now available at a sacrifice price, and the Czech Intelligence Department immediately agreed to purchase them for 500,000 crowns. They made a down payment of 200,000 crowns and promised to pay the

balance on time. The documents were aired in the press and the plot was frustrated. And now the 300,000 crown balance became due, but the Czech government refused to pay because of a mere technicality.

It turned out that the alleged plot never existed and that the documents were outright forgeries.

Misjudged arzzigogolo Trebitsch-Lincoln was dealt with by the Central Criminal Court of Vienna without mercy, and was accused of the crimes of treason and forgery. But there was no justification for this bit of unpretentious forgery to be developed into an international scandal. The whole mess developed out of two blunders—Czechoslovakia's hasty purchase of the documents, and Austria's overzealous charges of treason. Two governments were placed in a rather ambiguous position. Were the documents to be proved genuine, Austria would be compromised for permitting such important secrets to slip out of its hands. And if the papers proved to be forgeries, the Czech government would become the laughing stock of Central Europe. So each government was anxious to see Trebitsch-Lincoln convicted of the offense which would discredit the other.

The Austrian government adopted the happiest possible solution. They found him guilty of forgery, but to avoid further publicity they provided him with an escort to the border. All the way Trebitsch-Lincoln persisted in protesting that the Czechs whom he had trusted had cheated him out of 300,000 crowns, but that some day he would return to Prague and sue that government for his just claim.

It was now becoming apparent to Trebitsch-Lincoln that Europe was entering upon an era of hopeless decline. The rising sun is in the East and so, unappreciated in Europe, he turned towards the distant horizon of China, where the unfolding of new goals awaited him, the land in which earthly gains and utter renouncement of all things exist in timeless contrast.

The first contact was soon established. Some of the Chinese leaders found themselves short of war materials. What could have been more fortunate for the newcomer than to find a ready market for his newest line? Almost overnight he had successfully closed the deal and distributed to the needy Chinese armies heavy consignments of rifles of discontinued models, including some of the finest weapons left over from the Franco-Prussian War of 1870.

Other generals were attracted to the new armament contractor, among them the rising General Wu Pei-Fu, the coming overlord of North China. Impressed by Trebitsch-Lincoln's diplomatic understanding and equipment he unhesitatingly appointed him as his chief political advisor. The relationship proved quite congenial. General Wu was an ardent Buddhist scholar and a devotee of mystical contemplations. This side of the man appealed to the spiritual sensitiveness of the thrice-converted Trebitsch-Lincoln. But again in China, as in Canada, as in England, as in Czecho-Slovakia, mere negligence in money matters got the best of him. A short vacation fortunately was all that was needed for the matter to blow over. He was on his way from Hongkong

to Tientsin on a coastwise steamer. He saw that his ruthless search after worldly excitements was unreal and that true happiness lies only in a state of being in which all sensations, all desires, all perceptions, all activities are forever suspended.

He decided to become a Buddhist monk.

"I decided like this—" he told a representative of the *China Weekly Review*, and he snapped his fingers. "I was voyaging on a steamer when the British skipper made some remark to me that hit me like a hammer! I forget what the remark was, but remember that it was the reason for my abrupt decision."

His entrance into the Buddhist cloister was prepared by his novitiate in a monastery in Ceylon. And here is the man who mocked the American Government, trifled with the British Crown, flaunted the German Republic, embarrassed the Czechs and insulted the Austrians, bent in humbleness in the Streets of Ceylon begging for his sustenance the meanest scraps of food from the poorest of the poor, as his religious novitiate demanded. For nine months this phantom like figure was utterly detached from all earthly contacts. The earthly world vanished from his consciousness.*

It is dusk and the weary penitent is shuffling his way back to the cloister. A coolie appears out of a doorway, swiftly and silently puts into his hands a few bunches of bamboo sprouts, wrapped in a newspaper, and disappears. Like an automaton, the emaciated figure stares at the wrapping. Through his blurred vision the print gradually focuses into words

and images. It is an English paper, a London daily. Like a worn mechanism which slowly begins to revolve, his senses are drawn to a printed picture of a youth. The forgotten impulse of human curiosity seizes him. He reads *To Die on the Gallows*, in thick type over the picture. The outside world holds his interest once more. He unfolds the paper and reads under the picture: *Private Ignatius Trebitsch-Lincoln*.

He is struck rigid, the paper falls from his hand. Slowly, he recovers from his stupor and with trembling hands picks up the paper and reads what follows:

"Private Ignatius Trebitsch-Lincoln, 23, of E. Battery, Royal Horse Artillery, was yesterday sentenced to death by His Majesty's Court for the murder of Edward Richards at Trowbridge, last Christmas Eve."

He is on the verge of collapse as he reads on:

"The murder was committed by Trebitsch-Lincoln and a confederate, who is still at large, during the commission of a burglary in the residence of Richards."

"His father is Ignatius Timotheus Trebitsch-Lincoln, international spy and notorious charlatan who was deported from England seven years ago upon the termination of his three year sentence for forgery. His present whereabouts are unknown."

"His mother has been a slavey in a small London Hotel ever since she was deserted by her husband seven years ago."

The next day, to the consternation of the brothers of the order, Trebitsch-Lincoln became a man of the world

once more. He cabled to the English Home Secretary for permission to see his son before the execution.

Cabled permission from the Home Secretary was quick in arriving. He could enter England only upon condition that he registered with the authorities at a number of given points, that he declare the length of his stay and the nature of his mission at each place, and that after the execution he leave England at once.

Trebitsch-Lincoln set out upon his via dolorosa to London, with less than three weeks in which to make it. The funds at hand were not such as to permit him to journey rapidly, and his slow means of travel seemed to lengthen the already tremendous distance to his goal. Overcome by his feverish anxiety, he dispatched a message to the British authorities requesting that the date of the execution be postponed until his arrival.

Back in London rumors began to circulate that Trebitsch-Lincoln was returning to visit his son. With the inaccuracies which accompany exciting news from abroad, some of the papers had it that he had already arrived upon the scene, while others reported him as being simultaneously in various places upon the continent. In the meantime the British authorities declined to grant Trebitsch-Lincoln's plea for a postponement.

The night before the execution came and passed without word from Trebitsch-Lincoln, although rumor had him almost everywhere. Outside the prison walls the chilling drizzle could not discourage the many thousands who, moved by curiosity, crowded about the jail hoping to

catch a glimpse of the elder Trebitsch-Lincoln. A petition bearing 50,000 signatures requesting the commutation of sentence to life imprisonment was turned down.

At dawn young Trebitsch-Lincoln walked to the scaffold without visible emotion and stood rigidly at attention as the noose was adjusted.

Three days later, Trebitsch-Lincoln disembarked at Amsterdam, the last stop on his way to England and learned that his journey would be completed in vain.

The sorry figure, in what were now strange surroundings to him, boarded the next boat back to the Orient, where he was to complete his preparations for the Buddhist monkhood. During the entire journey, he brooded over the misfortunes of his whole life. The more he brooded the more convinced he became that one and only one force was the cause of it all. It was England. Nor was he the only victim of that sinister power. There were thousands who shared his lot, millions, whole nations, the entire world. But this will not last forever. Let England beware of the curse of the new Oriental seer!

With this all inspiring purpose consuming him he reentered into the life which he had temporarily interrupted, and at Hangchow and Peiping completed his preparation for the monkhood. He was destined to be the first foreigner to become a Buddhist monk in China.

His ordination as a monk lasted a full month during which he had to work over twenty hours each day. The long ordeal completed, Ignatius Timotheus Trebitsch-Lincoln, the

newly ordained Chinese Buddhist monk, became Abbot Chao Kung, thus entering the higher Buddhism with sympathy and love for all human beings.

But all this was only theoretical and in time Abbot Chao Kung felt the urge to give it a practical application. With twelve faithful disciples, men and women, he went westward to convert the European world to Buddhism. But, always at the suggestion of perfidious Albion, his mission resulted in a series of expulsions from one country after another.

Trebitsch-Lincoln, now Chao Kung the dispenser of new truths, is certain that he has England on the defensive. She now knows that she is no longer dealing with a lone man, a man without a country, but with a powerful leader of an exotic faith which is certain to engulf the western world. And in his most recent published utterance thus spake the Abbot Chao Kung:

"I want it quite particularly understood that if I am not allowed entry into any country in Europe, the time will come for all Christian missionaries in China to get their luggage ready and go home.

"I will stand no more nonsense from any government such as that meted out to me at the instigation of the British Government."

That's what the Abbot Chao Kung, formerly I. T. T. Lincoln, formerly Ignatius Timotheus Trebitsch, formerly Isaac Trebitsch, expects of the world. But what the world may next expect of him no one who knows the subject could possibly venture a guess.

—EMIL LANG

SO YOU WANT TO FLY

*RULES OF SAFETY, BEGINNING AND
ENDING WITH THE VALUE OF FEAR*



You have just completed your first solo flight.

You climb excitedly, from the cockpit of the training plane, probably a little pale, possibly a little shaken. Your instructor congratulates you on your success, prophesies a great future.

"Fine work!" he exclaims, slapping you on the back. "Now you know your stuff! You're a full-fledged pilot!"

You should reply, "Oh, yeah?"

Your instructor is a liar. Don't you feel something hollow about his enthusiasm? What's more, he's an accessory before the fact in a prospective crash. He's just going through a blarney act to give you self-confidence. You do not "know your stuff" and you are in no sense of the word a pilot because you can handle the controls of an airplane well enough to take it off the ground, do a few figure eights and set it down again without injury to it or to yourself.

Learning to fly a modern airplane around an adequate field in favorable weather is a very simple chore.

In soloing you have not passed from a world of groundlings to a nirvana of super-pilots. You think

you have because your well-meaning instructor, trying to build up your self-confidence, has told you so. He's just giving you a hypothetical shot in the arm to buck you up. And, as far as aviation goes, he's committing the Great National Mistake and giving the boys who write editorials a chance to hammer out that perennial caption, "Aviation Is Not Yet Safe"—

Yes, I too was one of the great army of unlicensed aces, as we used to call them. Cocky as hell.

Actually flying a ship is easy, as far as mastery of the controls is concerned. But the human mind, which grasps knowledge so very, very slowly, is fallible. Flying is no more mastered in ten hours than is the technique of playing a violin or painting a masterpiece.

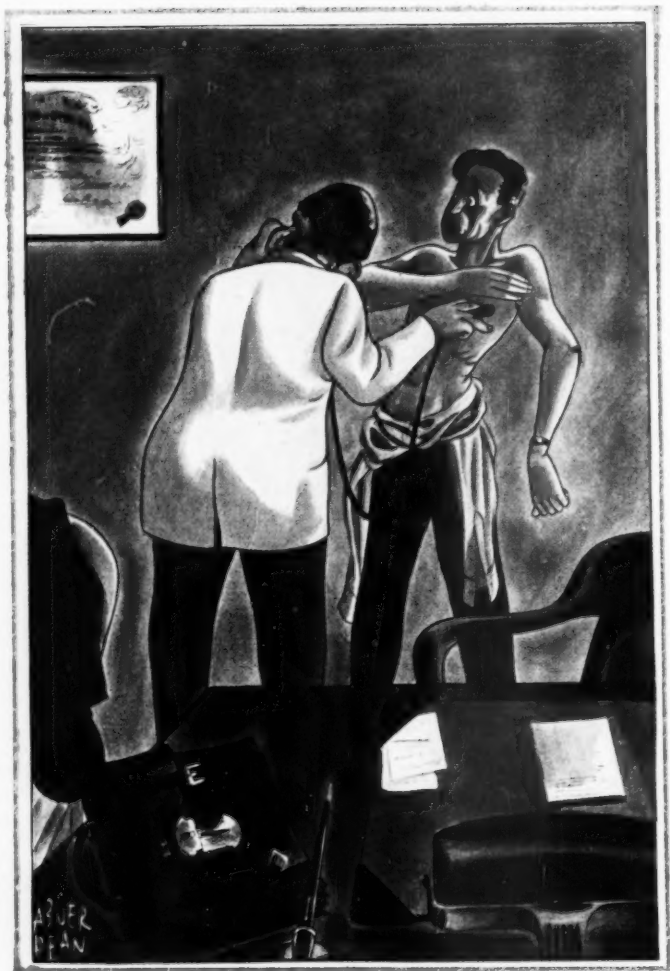
The airplane of today is a rather safe mechanism. The mental mechanism of the fledgling pilot is unsafe. The human factor is responsible for nine out of ten crashes. Proper education of fledgling pilots after they have soloed might have saved the lives of hundreds who have died in crashes caused by faulty judgment. Because this judgment is so important—it's based on experience, which the tyro doesn't have and on intelligence



"Toasted marshmallow, Captain?"

NOVEMBER, 1936

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"I've been trying to tell you—I feel fine. I just came up to sell you some insurance"

CORONET

which he may or may not have—let's look over the situation.

After eighteen years of flying over all kinds of country under a multitude of conditions—after watching my own progress and that of others—I've come to the conclusion that a man with special ability or adeptness—let's call him a natural flier—can be called a pilot after two years of daily flying under all sorts of conditions. The average man, possessing no flair, needs five years to join the ranks.

I have had a great deal of experience with fledglings. One amazing thing I have learned is that the intelligence and judgment necessary to become a successful pilot can be acquired by flying as a passenger with capable pilots and by association with them, even though the fledgling never has had his hand on the controls. During the days of the Gates Flying Circus, which I operated with Ivan R. Gates, we allowed many youngsters to join as field workers. Later they were graduated into mechanics, wing-walkers and parachute jumpers. They flew with their pilots from town to town, talked with them, worked with them.

Freddie Lund was probably the greatest stunt pilot America has ever known. After years of knocking around the country, talking and living aviation with our organization, he learned to fly virtually over night. Aaron F. (Duke) Krantz, a former army parachute jumper who worked up through our ranks, bought the parts of a Standard J1, installed an Hispano-Suiza motor, waited for me one day to give him a few turns around the field with dual controls

so that he could get the "feel" of the ship.

I failed to show up.

He taxied the ship onto the airport, got it three or four feet into the air and then set it down because the ropes he had used to tie it down were still attached to the wings. He finally got Cy (Shorty) Bittner, another flying circus graduate, to circle the field with him three or four times. The next day he was looping the plane. Six months later I chose him from among a hundred pilots to go up with me on an endurance flight.

Today he is pilot of the photographic plane of the New York *Daily News* and is one of the best aviators in the country.

I cite these two cases to show what I mean by judgment. Intelligent, the men spent years acquiring knowledge which had nothing to do with the manual end of getting an airplane off the ground and putting it down again. They profited by the mistakes others made—and when they were faced with similar problems they knew the answers.

A corollary lies in the story of Bittner. He went to St. Louis and bought twenty-five hours of instruction and flying time. Sure that he was an expert, he bought a plane, flew it to his home at Somerset, Pennsylvania, and promptly cracked it up. He surveyed the wreckage, remarked disgustedly.

"I'll never be a pilot. I haven't got what it takes."

When he said that he was on the way to becoming good. He walked twenty miles to another town where the Gates Flying Circus was giving

exhibitions and carrying passengers, enlisted as the lowliest of field workers, forgetting that he had ever flown an airplane. He went through a rough, tough school, emerged as a wing-walker and parachute jumper. He kept his eyes open. Then he got into an airplane and flew it.

For eight years he has been whipping a ship through all sorts of weather on the Cleveland-Albany run of American Airlines. He hasn't a black mark against him. He got that way watching Gates pilots either making damned fools or heroes out of themselves, landing down-wind and cross-wind, slipping into tight fields, pounding over bad terrain, bumping in and out of all kinds of weather.

Krantz and Lund, before they had handled a stick, and Bittner, a disgusted tyro, had learned when to fly and when not to fly, what to fly and what not to fly, before settling down to the actual business of jockeying a ship across the heavens.

It is said that anyone can fly. This is not true. Piloting an airplane is one of the most specialized professions and, if any manufacturer makes good the threat to construct and sell a cheap plane, the carnage is going to be awful. During the nineteen years it has taken me to pile up a total of fifteen thousand hours in the air, I have seen many tragic and unnecessary accidents caused by pilot faults. These crashes have had little or nothing to do with the pilots' ability to handle controls, but have had everything to do with a lack of common, ordinary horse sense. In the life of everyone who flies there are un-

guarded moments during which knowledge, the product of experience, and intelligence, the ability to think logically, go on a vacation. These unguarded moments grow fewer as the aviator piles up his hours of flight, but they have appeared even in the lives of veteran pilots, often with fatal results.

I recall the case of a barnstorming pilot who was killed in Denver in 1923. He had had many hours of flying time. But this did not prevent him from making a mistake in judgment. In fact, he made several.

The first was that he did not take care of his airplane. He believed that in 1923 it was as structurally sound as a new ship—that it measured up to what it had been six years before at the time of its construction. The second was that after watching me do a barrel roll in a sturdy, well kept Standard JI, the model he owned, he felt that both he and his ship were capable of the same feat. The third was that he did not have the "feel" of his plane, which would have told him when it was over-stressed.

He tried to barrel roll for two days.

To the best of my belief he, in dying, established a new record. He was the first and only flier to dive the wings off a ship of that type.

Not only did his lack of common sense bury him but it put another black mark against aviation. Here was an unsafe pilot planting in the public mind the impression that flying was unsafe. The moral which lies behind his death and that of a supposedly skilled member of the Gates Flying Circus at Teterboro, New Jersey, eight years later, is that you

must study your equipment and know it. As a soloed fledgling you cannot do this because you have no background. Therefore you must proceed cautiously whenever flying a ship new to you. Feel it out thoroughly, study it. Remember not only that there is a wide variation of different makes of planes in stability, strength, maneuverability, and all other factors. Furthermore, each type of ship has certain "bugs," or peculiarities about which you should know. Not only do these variations occur in ships of different manufacture, but no two airplanes, even though they may be of the same make and model, fly exactly alike.

The former Gates pilot I have mentioned was a wow at the controls. He knew all the angles as far as flying various types of planes went, but he had one fault which millions of hours of flying couldn't overcome. He wouldn't use his head. His last mistake was similar to that of the Denver pilot—he put too much confidence in a ship he didn't know anything about. He had a chance to fly a foreign plane. It was of parasol type with four upright center section struts and no wire bracing. He was preparing for a show and decided that it would make an outside loop, whereas a little study of the plane would have told him that the ship couldn't take it.

He dived a couple of times and couldn't pull the upward half of the circle. Stubbornly he made a third try, making his maneuver much tigher. The wing pulled away from the fuselage. It evidently struck him on the head for he didn't use the

parachute he wore.

Again, millions of people read of his death. Certainly thousands who noted the newspaper article went through a conscious or sub-conscious reaction that flying wasn't safe. The newspapers didn't have the space to print the technical details of the accident, which would have explained everything. Parenthetically, not only do the newspapers, through absence of fact, make crashes of all kinds appear "mysterious" but fliers, friends of the late lamented aviator, and investigators do not give out a complete explanation for fear of casting a reflection on the dead. It is too bad this situation exists. Certainly, because a few thousand automobile drivers pass cars on hills, drive with poor lights, speed on narrow roads and otherwise behave like idiots, the automobile, in the hands of a competent driver, is not branded "unsafe" and its weird performances "mysterious."

I have cited one crash explanation, over-confidence in planes based on lack of knowledge. Then there is always the pilot who washes himself out because of over-confidence in his own ability. This may be when faced with a new type of plane, with an unsafe plane, with a plane powered by an unsafe motor, by bad weather conditions, by dangerous terrain, or by combinations of these factors.

About seven years after I'd learned to fly I was on the Army airport at El Paso, Texas. Two reserve lieutenants arrived at the field. Certainly both had had instruction, had soloed, or they would not have held commissions. One went to the master

sergeant in charge and asked him if he thought I would let him fly my plane.

"I want to take my wife up," the officer explained.

He couldn't fly her in an Army ship because of regulations.

"I won't ask him," the sergeant replied. "You don't fly well enough."

"Then let me have one of the DH's," the lieutenant persisted, pointing to a hangar full of Dehavilands. "I'll fly it and you tell Pangborn to watch me. That'll show him—and you—that I can fly."

The sergeant was using his head.

"The ships on the field are all out of commission," he protested.

His strategy went for naught. Two minutes later one of the El Paso ships flew in from a trip to San Antonio. The officer insisted that the ship be serviced and put on the line for him. He and his companion climbed into the ship. It raced down the field through a cross-wind. The front wheels were four feet in the air before the tailskid left the ground. The cross-wind whipped under the wings. The plane climbed awkwardly and virtually out of control to about one hundred feet, went into a wingover, crashed and burned.

So did its cargo.

Then there's the matter of weather judgment. With each passing day weather reports are becoming more accurate. But they're not perfect. Care must be exercised in taking off on cross-country hops, especially when the terrain ahead is unknown to the pilot. Mature men with much experience often have that "unguarded moment" when faced with low ceil-

ings and sloppy skies.

Last winter an inspector in the employ of the Aeronautics division of the Department of Commerce flew into Rock Springs, Wyoming, in heavy weather. He was heading for Salt Lake City.

"Looks tough ahead," he was told. "High winds and snow. Better stay here if you haven't any blind flying instruments."

The man refused to listen.

"To hell with the weather," he replied. "I've seen worse than this."

That was the last weather, good or bad, which he ever encountered. Neither plane nor body has as yet been found.

Coordination of hands, feet and eyes had little to do with the cause of that crash.

That absolute lack of foresight causes many crashes is known to those within the industry. Often, in recent years, I have been called into courts to give so-called "expert" testimony in suits arising from accidents. Nearly always the human element, rather than the mechanical or structural is at fault. One case shows an utter lack of foresight, a failure to take even the simplest of precautions.

Making his first trip, unfamiliar with terrain, an airline pilot was forced off his course in fairly good weather. It wasn't a long flight but he managed to get seventy miles away from the regular route. His first mistake, when he saw that he must land for directions, was to pick the roughest field in miles. He got directions. Then, without walking fifty feet from the ship in which were several passengers whose lives depended on his

judgment and intelligence, he climbed back into his cockpit. He taxied to what he thought was the best point on the field for his take-off, gave the motors the throttle.

A five minute examination of the field would have shown him that he was wrong. First of all, he took off in a cross-wind. Second, he picked the shortest, roughest run into the highest obstruction. To be exact, with a loaded transport plane he took off on seven hundred feet with forty foot trees at the far end. He crashed into these trees killing himself and injuring his passengers.

Yes, he could handle controls. But he wasn't a pilot.

One complex which will get you into trouble if you don't watch it is the willingness to take a dare. It may have fatal results, as the following incident proves.

A vessel was frozen in ice in the far north. On board were passengers in no immediate danger and a large cargo of valuable furs. The passengers and furs must be removed, as the steamer was going to be ice-locked for months. Flying conditions were very poor. So poor that a group of pilots hung around the nearest air base, grounded. Among them was one of the best known fliers in the world with a fine reputation for flying over the white, frozen wastes of the Arctic.

While all loafed around, waiting impatiently for the blizzard to cease, a second pilot flew in. He surveyed the groundlings. He was a gruff, hearty, blustering man, hailed as a hero one month for a daring rescue, cited by the government the next for

some violation of flying regulations.

"What's the matter with you sissies?" he demanded. "You aren't going to let a little breeze keep you here, are you?"

He went to his ship, flew off toward the ice-blocked vessel. The famous pilot, his eyes smouldering, watched him go. Pride blocked his judgment. He rankled under the charge of being a "sissy." He went to his ship, started the motor.

"If that big braggart can make that vessel," he said, "so can I."

As he pounded through the storm he didn't know that the man who had ribbed him had himself landed, common sense telling him that further flight would be suicidal. He continued onward, whipped by anger and pride.

His plane and body were found some time later, frozen under a six foot blanket of ice.

As you fly more and more, you'll find a million problems arising which can be solved only by what you have above your neck. The chances are you won't find yourself in exactly the spots I'm pointing out, but you can bet they'll be similar. Another moment for fast and clear thought is when the other fellow invites you to fly his ship. The offer may come from a pilot owning an excellent plane with which you're not familiar. It may come from a demonstrator. I remember one time at Providence. A demonstrator flew in with a small cabin ship which was notably underpowered and was further handicapped by a wide fuselage and small tail surfaces, the former making the latter ineffective in the weak slipstream.

"Have a hop," the demonstrator

suggested to the pilot operating the airport.

Eagerness triumphed over reason. The local pilot, who had flown during the war, had had a lot of experience—but it hadn't taught him to consider the obvious faults of the monoplane. He performed several routine maneuvers successfully but on making a sharp banking turn to come in for a landing he forgot he was flying a strange ship, applied too much bottom rudder and into the ground he went.

He and the ship burned.

The newspapers, as usual, said that the cause of the accident was "unexplainable."

With this same type of ship, a Department of Commerce inspector gave a demonstration. Before taking off he announced:

"There are certain things you can't do with this plane. I'll show you."

He was buried three days after his common sense had gone on a holiday.

Another one of the pitfalls which you, as a beginner, must dodge, is the invitation to fly any kind of an untried ship or any ship not licensed by the Department of Commerce. I once knew a pilot—he also worked for Ivan R. Gates and myself in the flying circus days—who had a weakness for neophytes. A youngster could ask him to do anything and, without giving the matter any thought, he'd do it. One day an ambitious lad asked him to fly a home-made airplane—a creation of his own.

"Sure!" the pilot agreed, who was confident that he could fly a piano if it had enough power built into it.

He got the thing off the ground,

did a few easy turns with it, and then found himself piled up in the middle of a marsh with the plane strewn around him. He got off easily. He had only a broken ankle which kept him away from his job for a couple of months and caused him to go broke paying doctors' bills.

You must be sure that you know all of the characteristics of the planes which you fly. You must be very careful about the condition they are in every time you take them into the air. This means a daily inspection if you fly every day. You must do this at the risk of being called an old maid or a fussybudget by certain fliers who will probably not have as long a life span as you will as a result of your care. A five minute check-up is an inconvenience while most people look on death as a catastrophe.

Several years ago a comedy of errors resulted in near tragedy for a pilot flying a recently completed monoplane. A mechanic, in assembling the ailerons, attached them to the wings with temporary fittings to line up the controls. Someone else came along, put fairings over the fittings. In the confusion of getting the ship ready for flight the steel gusset plates designed to hold the aileron hinge fitting to the wing were overlooked.

The ship flew all right in simple maneuvers but in the first high speed tests the stress was too much for the fittings and the ship gracefully shed the ailerons. She came in at an angle, nose down, going about two miles a minute. Only the unusual design of the ship, which was an almost total washout, allowed the pilot to walk away. Knowing that mistakes of this

kind are being made constantly you will find me, with sleeves rolled up, watching every move made by a mechanic, no matter how good he is, as he works on my ship. In the case of major repairs I think it my duty to be on hand while they are being made just as much as it is my duty to fly intelligently when others have put their lives in my hands.

If I was beginning all over again, I would make absolutely no adjustment on either my motor or my plane, without the supervision of a licensed mechanic. A man who holds such a license, issued by the Department of Commerce, has showed by passing a rigorous examination that he is competent. When a fledgling undertakes his own repair work, anything is apt to result, from a carbonized fitting caused by overheating during a welding job to a too tight wire which may absolutely change flying characteristics under certain conditions and thus cause a crash.

One pilot I know decided to make an inspection of the controls of his ship. He removed them. In re-assembling them he rigged the aileron controls exactly opposite of what they should be. He got off the ground all right. This was unfortunate, for having gotten some altitude he tried to make a right bank. The ailerons threw him into a left bank. He tried to correct this by shoving his control farther to the right and went in on one wing. Again, this man walked away from the crash. Again, it wasn't his fault. He was flying an airplane which could take that sort of thing, a very rare vehicle.

You must trust the designer and

builder of his airplane, no matter how your hands itch to improve on his work. He has years of experience in building planes behind him. If he is not a capable builder, and if the designers he employs are at fault, this shows up in government tests which are compulsory before the plane receives an approved type certificate and before it can be offered for sale. In the face of this, the desire to tinker is universal, and it will affect you more and more as you increase your flying time.

I recall a trans-Pacific flier—who would-be, I should say—who conceived the amazing idea that the lift struts running from the base of the fuselage to the wing of his high wing monoplane were unnecessary and furnished a lot of drag. He did not realize that they were there to provide against both compression and tensing, as well as to hold the wing rigid laterally.

So he installed streamlined wires and took off on what was to be a famous flight. He refueled in the air. The added weight ended the flight a few minutes later when the wing and fuselage divorced themselves. Luckily he wore a parachute and lived to make another unsuccessful attempt.

Another time, at Oakland, California, there was another inexcusable crash which laid more criticism at the door of the aviation industry. One of the first cabin planes ever built in America was constructed there. It was rigged with outside drag wires fastened at the nose of the fuselage and at the wing. The pilot in charge of the ship didn't like their looks, de-

cided without benefit of stress analysis that they were unnecessary, and removed them.

During a cross country flight with four passengers he made a steep bank.

The ship disintegrated.

Five died.

There are countless other examples of the failure of the human brain rather than the machine. Young pilots are subject to panic where older ones aren't. Young pilots trust faulty motors when those with experience know that something is wrong. Young pilots, filled with the praises of instructors and a foolhardiness which results from over-confidence, ignore the danger signals that oldsters observe. To achieve the distinction and the satisfaction of flying safely practically every impulse must be analysed, checked and re-checked.

Good pilots are always apprehensive. I have in mind a conversation which two friends of mine had sev-

eral years ago. One was a novice pilot, the other had thousands of hours of experience. The novice, a little bit ashamed of himself, was confessing fear because he had not liked the action of a ship an instructor had put into a spin. He asserted that he was afraid that because of this fear he'd never make a pilot.

The veteran, graduate of a war, one of the most skilled acrobatic pilots in the world, grinned.

"Remember so-and-so and so-and-so?" he asked, naming half a dozen pilots. The novice nodded.

"They weren't afraid," the veteran said. "They'd fly anything, any time, anywhere. They're dead."

He paused.

"Me—" he added. "I'm afraid."

He is still alive, still performing miracles, and yet never extending either himself or his plane beyond known ability.

—CLYDE PANGBORN

Mr. Pangborn, who flew around the world (with Hugh Herndon) in 1932, probably has had more hours of all kinds of flying than any other living pilot. He is a bachelor of forty.

IMPUDENT TOMMY

Throw impudent Tommy out of
Sunday School!

The teacher was telling about the
rewards of hard work.

Tommy mentioned some people who
were not rewarded.

He mentioned some people who were
rewarded for no work at all.

Throw impudent Tommy out of
Sunday School!

—O. S. M.



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